Archaeological Institute of
America. Southwest Society,
Los Angeles
Bulletin
no.3 (1907)

F
786
A66
no.3

THIRD BULLETIN

The Southwest Society

OF THE

Archæological Institute of America

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM
THREE YEARS OF SUCCESS

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
MAY 1, 1907

THE SOUTHWEST SOCIETY.

Founded Nov. 30, 1903; chartered May, 1904; at one year old, third in membership in the Institute; at two years old, first; at three years old, by more than 50% larger than any other of the twenty societies and with nearly one-fifth the total membership of the Institute—the Southwest Society has made a new record in growth and achievement. See inside back cover.

In three years it has built up a membership of 400; has recorded by phonograph 600 folk songs in Spanish and in 30 distinct Indian tongues, and has transcribed the Spanish collection; has secured by purchase (through special subscriptions) the most important collection of historic paintings in the far West, and a superb gathering of California archaeology; has secured by gift the first competent paintings of the California missions, and the personal relics of John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, besides many other important donations; has the pledge of the permanent loan by the Roman Catholic Church of its priceless relics of the Mission period; has maintained an expert curator for nearly two years, and has conducted three field expeditions which yielded collections of the highest value and interest; has by a single-handed campaign secured the opening of the Indian Reservations and Forest Reserves of the Southwest to scientific exploration, and the reversal of the policy of the government, which for a decade closed practically all the innumerable antiquities of the Southwest against research; has issued two illustrated bulletins prior to this, besides many other publications of various sorts; has furnished lectures concerning its work in many cities in California and (by authority of the Institute) before the other affiliated societies from Kansas City to Boston; has had official representation in incorporating the Institute under Act of Congress, and is represented in the Institute's Committee on American Archaeology.

It has also established reciprocal relations with the Bureau of American Ethnology; and its field work is in coöperation with, and by authority of, that branch of the National Government. The work of the Southwest Society is to the advancement of science and scholarship throughout the world, but with first reference to this community in which all the visible results of its explorations will be held as an eternal trust for the Southwest Museum.

It invites all good Americans to membership.

Dues, $10 per annum—including membership in the national body, the Archaeological Institute of America.

Copies of the First Bulletin will be sent free on application. The Second Bulletin is out of print, but a condensation of it will be found in the back of this number.

J. O. Koepfli, President.

Chas. F. Lummis, Secretary,
200 East Ave. 43, Los Angeles.

THIRD BULLETIN

THE SOUTHWEST SOCIETY

OF THE

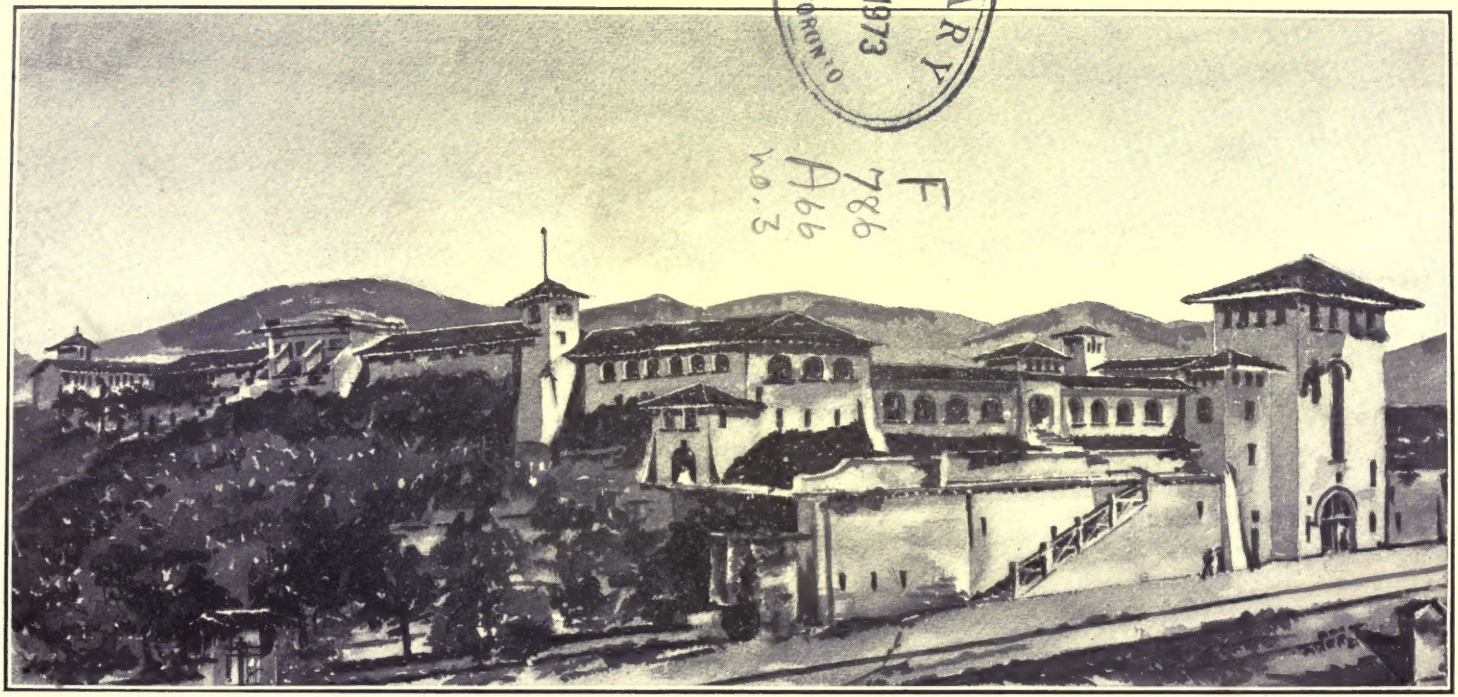
Archæological Institute

OF AMERICA

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM
THREE YEARS OF SUCCESS

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
MAY 1, 1907

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
MAY 8 1973
F
786
A66
no.3



Drawn by Hunt & Eager, Architects

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

As it is to be built on the 38-acre hill overlooking Sycamore Grove, Los Angeles. The most beautiful location and outlook of any public building in America.

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM.

To this—the broadest work ever undertaken for the world's higher scholarship, and for the culture of our children's children after us—all good Americans are invited. We should, we can, and we will build for the West the noblest museum of History and Art. The largest, the most active and the most successful scientific society of its kind in the world asks YOU to help to this end.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THE sober story of it seems too good to be true. Undoubtedly it would not have come true in any other community. Only a population like that which is making Los Angeles a wonder to the world, in every line not only of material but of educational development, is likely to maintain in these Remote Places the largest and most active scientific society in America, and to build a Southwest Museum. At any rate, it is the only community that does so.

For the Southwest Museum is now a fact. Most of it is yet to do—and Rome was not built in a day, not even the Rome that the adopted Children of the Wolf lived to see. But the hardest thing is Done; and done in a way that means Success. The foundation has been laid so deep, so broad and lasting (and withal so quietly), that the superstructure is absolutely certain. Without the lisp of a newspaper; without a brass band campaign; without even "revival meetings" among those whose public spirit and intelligence might be played upon —we have won. So quietly has it gone that one man, single-handed, had collected $22,000 before even the Executive Committee knew the names of the donors. It is perhaps equally significant that this movement has engaged the class of people to whom men and women have given, by the thousand dollars, without even knowing just where or how their gift was to purchase the real estate for the museum. The same day that I write this, one of these patrons confessed to me that he had no idea "where nor what"—but that he "didn't **need** to know," when Henry O'Melveny said: "Here, I want a thousand dollars for the Southwest Museum." This is good as far as it goes; but the Southwest Society has no reservations. For obvious business reasons, the securing of its site has had to be sub rosa. Now that this matter is clinched, there is reason for entire frankness. This institution is to stand the test of all time; therefore it does not shrink from any test of the present. The principal facts as to what will unquestionably be counted, 500 years from now, the most important movement of the higher scholarship yet started in this community, follow.

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM HILL Photo by C. F. L.

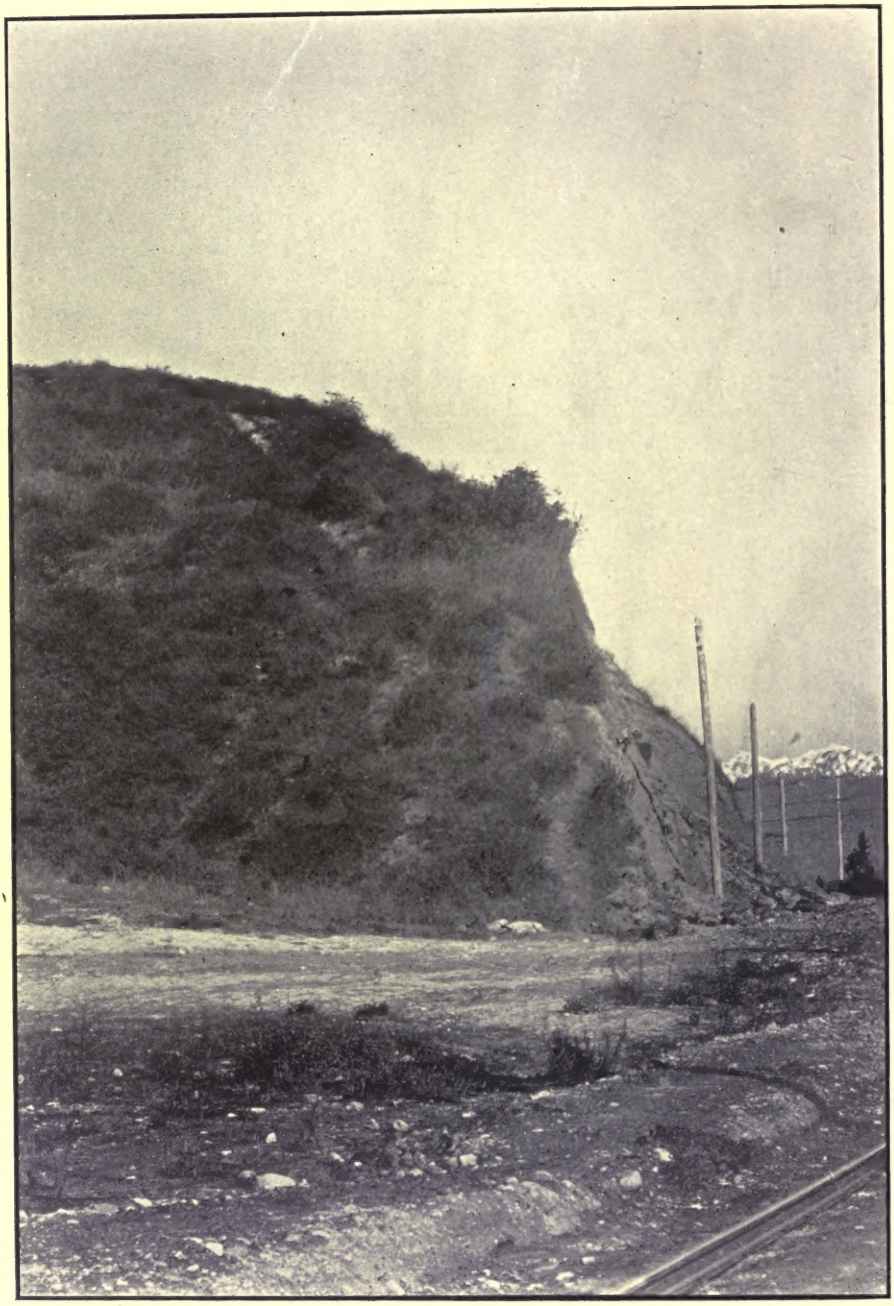
From the Arroyo Seco, four blocks south; snow-peaks in the distance. The property runs from the cut, back to the white X—over 1,200 feet.

The reason and the "excuse for being" of the Southwest Society were, from the outset, the realization of a great, free public museum in this city, for the whole Southwest. While such a population as this wishes well to remote scholarship, we have too many instant problems of our own for consideration to let Charity wander too far. This city and this region had no grandfathers—to build us schools, libraries, museums and other monuments. It is our task and our privilege to build these for ourselves; and to make them of such sort that they shall serve us and our children forever, and that they shall also serve the world's scholarship.

It was made a fundament of the plan that the Southwest Museum should be worthy not only of this community today, but of this community a thousand years from now. Nothing in this city—whose unprecedented growth outstrips even its public spirit and its willing wealth—is large enough for the city today. We have the best transit system in the world (150 miles urban, 700 miles inter-urban), best in road-bed and rolling stock and in miles per capita—but it is already inadequate to the enormous increase of population and of territory. So with every other civic activity—schools, public buildings, paving, parks, sewers, fire and water service, etc. The Southwest Museum is intended to be laid out upon a sufficient scale for the Future Los Angeles.

It was decided at the outset that such an institution should not be set down under the feet of commerce, nor upon buzzing streets where in a few years it would be smothered. It was decided that this museum shall be built where it "cannot be walked on"—on a hill, where it shall See and Be Seen; above and outside the smoke and dust and noise of metropolitan streets, and yet absolutely easy of access from any part of this city as it now is or as it ever shall be. It was made a condition precedent that the site must be such that those who come to the museum shall pause at its entrance to look forth upon the panorama which God and man have spread; and that when they emerge from the building—no matter what cars are clanging below for an urgent engagement—they shall pause for another car, that they may have another look.

After more than a year of quiet effort, the Executive Committee (through the sole canvass of Henry W. O'Melveny, Esq., Chairman of the Site Committee) has secured for $50,000 a site of 38 acres which fully justifies its promise to secure "the noblest location occupied by any public building in the United States." This is an acropolis in the valley of the Arroyo Seco, in the northeastern part of the city of Los Angeles, opposite the middle of Sycamore Grove (now a city park); the last hill on



FRONT OF THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM HILL

Showing cut for front Terraces and Elevator Tower, close beside electric transit. Snow-peaks in the distance. The Museum property runs back nearly a quarter of a mile in a straight line, and to twice this height. The area is 38 acres.

the west side of the Arroyo before reaching Highland Park; a hill which in front is about 150 feet above Pasadena Ave., and at its crest nearly double that height. This valley is, and always will be, the main artery of travel between Los Angeles and Pasadena, which will soon be one continuous city. The Pasadena car line on Pasadena Avenue is a short block away from the front; the "yellow" car line to Garvanza runs on the same street, and 40 feet from where the elevator tower will be—as shown in the sketch.

There are probably not 2,000 people in Los Angeles who dream that within this busy city there is so marvelous a view as that which is swept by every portion of this hill. It looks down the valley over the city of Los Angeles and out to the islands of Santa Catalina and San Clemente; across to the wonderful hills which wall the Arroyo Seco from the east; straight down upon the little urban cameo of Highland Park (by far the most beautiful city view within the limits of Los Angeles)—and then for 90 miles along the tremendous bulwark of the Sierra Madre, from the Tejunga to San Jacinto. From an altitude of about 650 feet, and at a distance of 8 miles, it commands the tremendous sweep of a mountain chain which at the nearest point is as high as Mt. Washington. At double the distance Mt. Washington is only about 3,000 feet above the view-point; so the visible height of this range from the Southwest Museum hill is very nearly double the angle cut upon the horizon by the greatest peak in the East. But this is only part of the view. Thirty miles east rise the Cucumonga peaks and Mt. San Antonio—from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea. And in the far distance are San Bernardino and San Jacinto, crowding the 12,000-foot class. The illustrations show something of the relation of this snowy range to the museum site; but can convey no real idea of the glory of that view. Denver, with its magnificent outlook upon the Rocky Mountains, is not in the comparison; and no other American city so much as dreams of such a view. The delimitations of the valley at its feet preserve in perpetuity that aspect of the outlook. The orography makes it absolutely impossible that any structure of any size shall ever shut the museum out from any part of these marvelous views. The gradients forbid switching—so the valley is safe from factories. These matters were carefully studied out in advance by people who have learned how unexpected growth in a city may subvert their plans and leave fashionable quarters behind, or cut off desirable vistas. Ten blocks of Eiffel Towers would not rob the museum hill of its outlook.

Only less important than the view is the visibility of such

AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM HILL Photo by C. F. L.

Looking from site of front halls; part of Sycamore Grove (in winter) and Arroyo Seco Hills.

a building as the Southwest Museum will erect for this community. A museum which people have to hear of, and hunt for at the bottom of some well or street car line, cannot do half it should and would do for its community. The Southwest Museum, like the city of scripture, will be "set on a hill, which cannot be hid." From Elysian Park and its car lines (about two miles south), and most of the way till it is passed; and from South Pasadena on the north (again two miles), every passenger on the Santa Fé road, the Salt Lake road, and the two electric systems, who looks out the window will say:

"What in the world is that palace up there?"

"Why, the Southwest Museum."

Those who had never heard of it will get off to visit it. Those who see or hear of it can reach it from any part of the city for a five-cent fare.

This 38-acre hill, so abrupt on its sides as fairly to be written with what they call in Colorado and New Mexico a "hog-back," is more than 1,200 feet long from front to crest in a straight line; about 3,000 feet on the northeast curve, about 1,600 feet on the western chord—and is perfectly adapted to the very class of building which had been decided upon before the location had been determined at all. The architecture is in general that of the Alhambra of Spain, in its outward manifestation—but bent to the requirements and opportunities of California. The colossal terrace and elevator tower of the front are already allowed for by the cut made for railroad purposes—a saving in construction of perhaps $10,000. The rise of the hill, and its contour, will be followed in the architecture; and while the complete museum will sometime be of two rows of halls a hundred feet apart and 1,200 feet long, besides the (at least six) cross-halls marking off a series of patios, the general effect will be even more massive and varied than that of the Alhambra. The preliminary sketch of the museum printed as a color frontispiece to this Third Bulletin of the Southwest Society shows something of this fact. It is the serious pledge of the Southwest Museum to give this community not only the noblest location occupied by any public building in America, but also the finest museum from the architectural as well as from the scientific standpoint. The Southwest Society was founded in the belief that these things are good enough for this community.

The price of this 38 acres is $50,000. The Southwest Society has already taken care of $27,000 of this, without its ever reaching the public ear through a newspaper. There are now $23,000 more to be made up. This community will furnish that money. There is already practical assurance that as soon as the site is

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM HILL Photo by C. F. L.

From Pasadena Avenue, the main artery of travel between Los Angeles and Pasadena. The snow-capped Sierra Madre eight miles north.

paid for the funds for several exhibition halls will be forthcoming. The site is held in trust by the Title Insurance & Trust Co., for Henry W. O'Melveny, John D. Bicknell and James Slauson, pending the incorporation of the Southwest Museum to take over this property for the purpose of a free public museum for the Southwest.

A School of American Archaeology.

The Archaeological Institute of America, which established and has maintained the world famous Classical Schools in Rome, Athens and Palestine, now plans under its national incorporation by act of Congress to found a School of American Archaeology. There are four locations in rivalry for this foundation—probably the most important scientific establishment ever made in an American city. Santa Fé, N. M., offers the historic "Palace," and a fund for its maintenance; Albuquerque, the site of the University of New Mexico, offers a building on the campus; the City of Mexico will give almost anything that is asked.

Los Angeles, through the Southwest Museum, will give much more than any of these other claimants. It is a more comfortable and more attractive place for the students to reside. Field work in this climate can be prosecuted more steadily throughout the year. The proximity to the largest archaeological and ethnological field in America is another strong point in favor of Los Angeles. The social, artistic, esthetic and educational advantages are, beyond comparison, greater here; the liberality and the means of this community are without rival—though the scholarship and generosity of the Mexican Government will put us to the test.

Whatever anyone else does, the Southwest Museum will establish and maintain a School of American Archaeology. But it will be far better if this may be done in conjunction with the Archaeological Institute of America and the great museums of Europe which will unquestionably cast their lot with the Institute. In the railroad and commercial center that it is—in easiest reach of the antiquities not only of all California, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Nevada; near to Mexico, and the only point of departure for the vast and rich field of the Northwest Coast and Alaska—the success of Los Angeles in winning this international prize of scholarship will depend purely on the financial attractions.

The Way to Save Heirlooms.

The United States is the worst civilized country in the world for heirlooms. We are too busy, and too migratory—and per-

LOOKING N. N. E. FROM THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM HILL

Photo by C. F. L.

Occidental College and Highland Park, foreground.

haps used to be too careless. Also, perhaps, too commercial. Rich people nowadays in America are buying up other people's heirlooms.

Now, our great-grandmothers had spinning wheels and tall clocks, blue plates, and honest furniture, and samplers and daguerreotypes—and a lot of other things which today have a serious market value. They had enough of these things to live happily and usefully withal. But it is a lucky family today which has one blue plate from its own great-grandmother —rather than by purchase from some descendant of an unknown grandmother. We have in this republican land nothing of that beautiful law of entail, which in England helps to preserve the history, the dignity, the love and the pride of family and of home. Even if the "elder son" business has disadvantages we may as well avoid; none of us look upon interesting heirlooms as a disadvantage. Any one of us would be glad to have our grandfather's venerable watch or our great-grandmother's wedding dress—if only that we might sell it to some one who cared more for these relics of the old time than careless heirs do now!

The servant girls in the old times did not break **all** the blue plates. All the tall clocks were not burned in conflagrations. The family Bibles were not altogether worn out by incessant reading. No matter how they have gone, these things have Gone—as a matter of historic fact, they have gone mostly by the carelessness of the heirs.

If you have your grandmother's wedding dress or her spoons, or her turkey platter, there is only one way in which you can securely give them to your own grandchildren. None of us in the providence of God know when a daughter shall marry a scamp, or a grandson turn out careless. None of us know of any way to come back and "haunt" our heirs, and teach them how much we love this old-fashioned keepsake we handed on to them. But from our own experiences we can reasonably guess; for out of all the articles with which and by which our grandparents lived, we count ourselves lucky if we have one presentable article. The only way to pass these things along to our own posterity is to put them, **in the family name,** in a fireproof museum in perpetual trust. Then these things will belong in all their sentiment to your children, and your children's children forever. It will do no harm that the outside public shall see and learn from them—no more than it does harm that today you take pride in showing these things to your visitors.

This is the word of a convert. For almost forty years I

LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM HILL Photo by C. F. L.

Corner of Sycamore Grove (a city park) in right foreground. Sierra Madre in distance, and Mt. San Antonio.

have been a collector—and collectors are selfish. They know and love so much the articles they are gathering by self-denial and by effort, that it is hard for them to allow to the rest of the world that reasonable right which all the world has in the work of every one of its members. Even five years ago I felt deeply that certain things which had cost me a good many drops of my life blood were too dear to be shared with careless persons; and that when I go up in smoke these things should be cremated with me. But I know better now. While no one else shall ever know what they cost, nor therefore what they are worth, the thing that makes them dear to me will really do some good to someone else. That means that this specimen will Keep Alive—and life is the object of our living. It means more than one life. The family name, the love of art, or scholarship, or science, merits immortality—just as those of us who know enough to live at all wish to have children to carry us farther; and grandchildren to carry them and us farther yet; and great-grandchildren to carry them and them and us farther yet; just so, those who have in trust from an earlier generation, or from their own efforts, the things that enrich the mind, should try to find for them this measurable immortality.

The Southwest Museum will not "take everything." Its duty to its community measures up with its duty to science. But what it accepts it will care for in trust. So long as fabrics will hold together, or pages stand, or metal resist the slow combustion of time—so long these visible keepsakes of those who thus hand down to their own posterity, and to the public good, what they can for an index of history and of the human heart, will be preserved.

Ideals and Standards.

The sharpest, the shortest and the most enduring test of the standards of scholars in art or science is "what they think of money." They must know, in both senses of the phrase, "how to take it." Money is necessary for scientific work of any sort; but scientific work whose standards will let down a peg for money; whose ideal can be fluttered, or scared off the nest, by someone's selfish thousand, or ten thousand, or ten hundred thousand dollars—it will turn out in death for itself, and a mere tin immortality for its purchasers. Real science is not for sale. Real science feels that it asks no favor, but rather grants a privilege of good citizenship and lasting honor, when it asks or accepts the wherewithal to do for the world's progress what everyone ought to be grateful to have the opportunity and the ability to do. It is only such trustees as hold these standards

THE ARROYO SECO (14 years ago) Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

Since this picture was made, the whole valley is built up. The hill is the dark one to the extreme left.

that can "deliver the goods." One who "has the price" gives a hundred thousand dollars for some great scientific or historic work. Whatever pardonable personal pride may be in the gift, it is really a purchase. The money is expected to fetch, to even a selfish donor, goods which will not shrink nor fade in the wash of time and criticism. Even the most foolish benefactor would not give up his good hard money to buy a scientific chromo which might be accepted by provincial neighbors, but would be a laughing stock to experts from abroad. Common honesty demands that science and art shall sell to their patrons the only thing they **can** sell—that is, recognition for a public service treated as an endowment and not as a bribe.

This gospel of science is equally true from the most cold-blooded business standpoint. Nothing in the world is cheaper than the thing that holds itself cheap. The Southwest Museum will come high. It will be strictly guarded. It will not play to the gallery. There will be a distinction in having permanent representation in it. It will maintain as to its collections and all its other standards the same policy it has pursued from the first. What this policy is, is perhaps better indicated by the history of the search for a site.

When this matter was taken up, two years ago, a number of the foremost men in this city were appointed a special Committee on Site. A careful examination was made of all possible locations within, and in immediate neighborhood of, Los Angeles. A considerable number of propositions were made of free sites, and several of locations which could be purchased.

Mr. Henry E. Huntington—the traction magnate who has given this city its matchless system of local transit, and an interested member of the Southwest Society since its foundation—proffered to the Society its free choice of four beautiful hills within the city limits. These locations were all of them sightly, all of them far easier of access than the National Museum in Washington; and the lands were worth in the market, and then selling for $2,000 per acre. The most desirable of these four hills would have meant about $200,000 as a free gift.

After repeated and thorough examination of all the locations offered, it was decided that the Southwest Society could not afford to accept the next-best location in California as a free gift, when it could buy the first-best. Mr. Huntington (as public spirited as he is business-like) fully agreed that it would be better to pay for the location now secured (which he fully examined) than to accept his own generous offer.

This is the key-note of the Southwest Museum. This community deserves the best. It demands the best. In museums,

CREST OF THE HILL FROM THE SOUTH
From the hill itself these snow-peaks are visible from base to crest, across lovely valleys.

Photo by C. F. L.

it will have the best. This community is new, but it is not parvenu. Crowded as it is to meet even the instant demands of culture and material progress, it is the most generous city in the world to pay for the best. The Southwest Museum comes to its community proposing not the cheapest, but the Best.

The Contents.

Until one realizes, one is apt to wonder what in the world can fill (ultimately) two 1,200-foot rows of exhibition halls. As a matter of fact, within fifty years (and the Southwest Museum is being founded and will be constructed, in every detail, with reference to a thousand years), it will take careful arrangement and frequent change to do justice, even in this vast museum, to the things that will require place there.

The dominant character of the Southwest Museum will always remain intrinsically of the Southwest. The million square miles which are historically and geographically referable to this category, have no superior in the extent and the variety of visible articles of interest to all educated and thoughtful people. There is no richer field in the world of archaeology—which, in spite of its Greek name, is only the art of learning common sense from the experience of men who died some time ago. In history, the Southwest is, beyond any comparison whatever, not only older but more interesting in its record and in its possibilities than all the rest of the United States put together. Even in the romance of a day we can almost call our own; California and Arizona and New Mexico (with the patriarchal life that Abraham led) laid foundations for a great museum without any help from anyone. The old California life in the Mission time and the ranch time was so interesting that the merest echoes of it interest every visitor. The Southwest Museum will make the first and the fullest record and reproduction of that life. The old costumes will be preserved—not in drawers, but upon life-sized figures whose faces will be modeled from masks and photographs of the historic types. In all these things it means to lead the world. But since all its long and fascinating history, this is today a cosmopolitan community. Its people come from every portion of the civilized globe—with the culture and the interests and the comparative horizons of all the world. From this we will naturally and inevitably crystallize a cosmopolitan museum for the safeguard and the exhibit of what our people know of their native lands, and care to hand down of that knowledge to their posterity. The museum will be offered collections from every portion of the globe—and will accept those which are good enough to represent the conscience and the standards of this community.

Obviously a great art gallery will be one of the foremost features of the little city which will crown these thirty-eight acres. The Southwest Museum has no antagonism to any other movement, or plan, or dream, of art galleries. The city is large enough and active enough to maintain as many art gallaries as it cares to pay for; but in the long run the Great art gallery of the Southwest will be part of the Southwest Museum—in a location without rival, up to standards not local but international; and in its regulations not provincial but eternal.

Clearly, a million-dollar museum will not be built tomorrow, even in Los Angeles. This also has been thought out. There will be no need of waiting for the completion of a great temple or cathedral or business block for art and science. The "patio plan" is something like a coral reef—each cell complete in itself. When the first exhibition hall is done, the collections of the Southwest Museum will be removed thither from the present rented quarters, and will be open for business. When the second hall is finished, the collections will be divided between the two—and so on, "stretching our feet according to the length of our blanket," as the Spanish say. Beginning in 1906, the Southwest Museum became a fact—even in rented and inadequate but safe quarters. These quarters have already grown ten fold. From this time on, the Southwest Museum will be a continuous fact in the life and scholarship of this community. It has taken hold upon the business, the scholarship, the art, the education of its public. It is being budded slowly but logically and steadily upon the public school system of Los Angeles. It has become a part of the national system of scientific endeavor of the Government of the Unitel States, and the foremost American scientific bodies. It has no personal ambitions to gratify, "no money to make," no axes to grind. It is vowed to the service of this community, and the record of its sponsors is enough to vouch for this.

We are proud of our schools, and are coming close to the $1,000,000 mark in expenditure every year to better them in this city alone. We are proud of our universities, our art clubs, our women's clubs, our other instruments of culture. In nearly all these lines we have made a record already without precedent. The Southwest Museum is a responsible movement to provide and insure in perpetuity the preservation of those things that our schools, and our artists, and our women's clubs and our colleges even ten years and still a thousand years from now will Have to Have.

Property of the Southwest Museum Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

FRÉMONT'S "ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLAG"

Elizabeth Benton Frémont, first child of the Pathfinder, with the flag her father unfurled on the crest of the Rocky Mountains on his First Expedition, August 16, 1842. This flag was given by him, on his return, as a sacred heritage to his baby. She has in turn bequeathed it to the Southwest Society.

A National Triumph.

But the Society is not a mere provincial success. It has succeeded in winning for itself, and for other scientific bodies, the most important privileges ever won by any such organization for scholarship.

It has been for many years the policy of the Interior Department to forbid scientific exploration on the Indian Reservations and Forest Reserves. For obvious reasons, these government preserves include most of our American antiquities. Harvard College, the University of Pennsylvania, the Field Columbian Museum, and the other leading museums and universities of the East, had long and vainly tried to break down the Chinese wall of routine which forbade such scientific work. The Southwest Society, on its first application to the Interior Department for permission to conduct an expedition in Arizona, met a flat refusal—with the comforting assurance that President Harper himself, of the University of Chicago, had just been refused a similar request.

The Southwest Society did not take "No" for an answer. It got busy at headquarters. Within less than three months of a single-handed campaign, it secured the reversal of this unscientific government regulation—by bringing the case to the thoughtful attention of those Men who **are** the Government, over the heads of the routine clerks who largely Do It. The following letter marks the Waterloo of Red Tape. Since then, the Southwest Society has received its formal licenses to conduct explorations wherever it desired upon government reservations. The best of it is that not only the Southwest Society, but Harvard College and any other institution of learning, can now prosecute scientific work in the American Wonderland. The official letter of the Interior Department further shows the standing of the Southwest Society with the national scientific bodies:

Secretary of the Interior, Sept. 28, 1905.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs—

Sir: I have received and considered your communication of the 23rd instant, reporting upon the application of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, for permission to conduct archaeological explorations on Indian Reservations in the Southwest.

You refer to the esteem in which this society is held by the Smithsonian Institution and the Bureau of American Ethnology, as set forth in the letter of Professor Holmes, of September 13, 1905, and concurred in by the Acting Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, under date of September 14th, and you express the opinion that no reasonable objection could be raised against permitting the said society to undertake the proposed work under the supervision of the Government; and,

further, that permission to coöperate with the said bureau in the manner indicated would meet the requirements of the law, as understood by your office, and at the same time be of great service to the Government. You therefore recommend that permission be granted the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America to conduct archaeological explorations, and to make excavations on Indian Reservations in the Southwest, upon the condition that such work be done in coöperation with, and under the oversight of, the Bureau of American Ethnology.

This recommendation is approved, and you will advise the Secretary of the Southwest Society of this action, and direct him to correspond with the Chief of said Bureau to the end that his society may coöperate with that Bureau as indicated. You will also notify the Bureau of Ethnology of this conditional authority, and request that your office be advised of any arrangements made for the work in question, in order that Agents or Superintendents in charge of reservation to be visited may be given proper instructions, etc.

The enclosures of your said letter are herewith returned.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) Thos. Ryan,

Acting Secretary.

A Museum Already.

In this community things move rapidly; and never more so than in this case. In gathering of collections, in growth of membership, in acquisition of real property—the Southwest Society has broken all records. But while the museum will be built sooner than such a museum was ever built elsewhere, it was not deemed wise to await the completion of permanent halls. It was desired to show this public, which has so generously endowed the work, that their help has not been in vain; that we have a museum ALREADY, worthy of the housing that shall be given it. Beginning with a little office room, the Southwest Society has now opened an actual exhibit hall of 1,600 square feet floor space in one of the safest modern fireproof buildings in the city. This exhibit, at 371 Pacific Electric Building, 6th and Main streets, Los Angeles, is open from 2 to 4 p. m. daily (except Sunday), and is free. There is nothing west of Chicago equal in scientific and historic value to this exhibit—scant as are the quarters and the showcases for the articles already owned by the Southwest Museum. The logical effect of such an exhibit is already felt. Already large numbers of valuable articles are being donated by the relatively few persons who have "discovered" this beginning of the great museum which will be one of the foremost glories of Los Angeles.

This will be the first museum in America in which every article exhibited will be fully identified. Only the expert realize how far the great museums of the country are in fact very largely collections of mere curios. There will be room for "mere

BEGINNING OF THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

Part of the temporary exhibit at 371 Pacific-Electric Building (shows parts of the Palmer-Campbell and the Rutter collections; the Madonna of the Ring; four Keith Studies of the Missions in 1882, etc.)

curios" in the thirty-eight acres of the Southwest Museum; but its formal exhibits will be authentic. Here again—even as in the matter of architecture and location—it is the fixed policy and faith of the Southwest Museum that the best in the world is just about good enough for this community.

We have purchased the Palmer-Campbell* and the Rutter collections of Southern California archaeology. No other community in America has as complete, as scientific or as interesting a regional collection as this; and this has only one rival in the world—the Palmer collection, now held in trust by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, but pledged to the Southwest Museum.

We have also purchased a unique group of Southern California Indian baskets; besides several minor collections which would grace any metropolitan museum.

At a cost of $1,500 we have made the largest and the most important collection of Spanish and Indian folk songs ever made; and have transcribed the Spanish songs. See beyond.

By donation and permanent loan the Southwest Museum has acquired equally valuable property. Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, has pledged the permanent loan of all the relics of the heroic age of California that are now in the possession of the Catholic Church. These include the original records in the handwriting of Junípero Serra, the Apostle of California, and a great number of other relics of the highest interest and historic value. This will make a collection absolutely unique.

The personal relics and papers of John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, who gave California to the United States, are also the property of the Southwest Mesuem, by gift of his heirs. The most impressive of these relics is the "Rocky Mountain Flag," which Frémont unfurled on the crest of the Rocky Mountains, August 15, 1842, on his first expedition. See p. 21.

A series of seven oil sketches of the old Missions of Southern California, made by William Keith in 1882 and 1883—the first portrayal of these historic monuments by a competent artist—belongs to the Southwest Museum, through the joint generosity of Mr. Keith and the Ruskin Art Club (which made Mr. Keith a life member of the Southwest Society, while he in return contributed these priceless studies).

There are also photographic collections of the highest value for the history of the Southwest; an important collection of antique art-objects donated by Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart; many

*Described on other pages.

IN THE TEMPORARY ROOMS OF THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

371 Pacific-Electric Building, Los Angeles. Open daily 2 to 4 p. m.

Photo by C. F. L.

articles of the Argonaut period of California—like the manuscript song-book and tuning-fork of Pepe de la Rosa, the first printer in California and one of its foremost early troubadours; intimate relics of Gen. Mariano Vallejo, Gen. Andres Pico; the banner of Lieut. Revere's California troop in 1846 (permanent loan by the D. A. R.), etc.

For a couple of years Mrs. Eva S. Fényes, a life member of this society, has been portraying the historic buildings of Southern California. Dr. Adelbert Fényes has made the most important collection of Coleoptera on the Pacific Coast. Both these collections have been devised to the Southwest Museum.

Besides its treasures by purchase and donation, the Southwest Museum has magnificent collections from the fields in which it has already conducted three expeditions—one among the buried camps of the Indian tribes of California; one among the ancient ruins which pepper the region just north of the White Mountain Reservation in southeastern Arizona; and one among the prehistoric cliff-dwellers in the superb cañons of northeastern Arizona. In some of the fruits of these expeditions, the collection is peerless.

Besides these expeditions and these purchases, the Southwest Museum is paying $92 a month rent; is maintaining a curator at $100 a month; has purchased cases for exhibition; is contributing scientific articles upon the achievement of this Society to national publications—and is in general and in particular the most active body of its kind in the world. These activities are in coöperation with, and under authority of, the Bureau of American Ethnology and the Smithsonian Institute (the governmental departments dealing with this side of science); and it is also expected to maintain relations with the Archaeological Institute of America (which was incorporated last summer by act of Congress as a national body).

Membership.

At the time of publication of the Second Bulletin (March 1, 1905), the Southwest Society had 12 life and 148 annual members—a total membership of 160.

Since that time it has lost by death twelve members. Its first president, James S. Slauson, the foremost citizen of Los Angeles by common consent, died in December, 1905. Vice-President Frederick H. Rindge, of this city; John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Co.; Archbishop George Montgomery, W. C. Bluett, R. B. Burns, Alexander Belford, Col. Robert C. H. Brock (President of the Pennsylvania Society, A. I. A.), A. C. Golsh, Christopher Henne, J. G.

Mossin, Judge Walter VanDyke, Mrs. John Muir, are other decedents.

Since that Bulletin and roster, more than two years ago, there have been several resignations from the membership; half of them from residents at a distance—as, for instance, in Chicago, New York, Baltimore, New Mexico, Sacramento, Philadelphia, San Francisco, etc.

But in spite of this shrinkage, and the fact that for more than a year this Southwest Society has made little effort to increase its membership—since it was waiting for the consummation of its museum plan and the readjustment of its relations with the Institute—the membership at date is 393, or more than fifty per cent increase. This is also about sixty per cent larger membership than any other society in the Institute has; with the publication of this Bulletin and the consequent campaign for membership, it is confidently expected to add another fifty per cent before the close of this calendar year. A membership of 1,000, at the least, is expected by this time next year.

Explorations.

While the field work which resulted in the Palmer-Campbell collection (now on exhibition at our rooms), and the Palmer collection (now in the Chamber of Commerce, but pledged to the Southwest Museum) was done by Dr. Palmer, our Curator, the first exploration conducted by this Society under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America, was in the summer of 1905, near Redondo Beach, Cal.—again by Dr. Palmer. His investigations and excavations covered an ancient quarry from which the prehistoric inhabitants obtained the chalcedony, chert, jasper and agate for their arrow-points, knives, scrapers, drills and other stone implements; an extensive village site about a mile and a half from the quarry. These explorations resulted in a very important collection of "raw material in process of manufacture"; besides 150 finished stone implements and eight implements of bone. This expedition and its next successor (the "First Arizona Expedition" of the Society), also in the summer of 1905, in Navajo County, Arizona, have been described by Dr. Palmer in the American Journal of Archaeology, Vol. X, No. 1. The latter expedition was also treated in an article in the "Out West" Mazagine for December, 1905, of which a condensation is printed on another page. The official report of Dr. Palmer on the Second Arizona Expedition—which was to the Cliff-dweller country of northeastern Arizona in the summer of 1906, has not yet been printed; a brief sketch thereof will be found elsewhere in this issue. It is not intended to forestall the official publication by the Journal.

Lectures.

While the more strenuous necessities of securing collections, conducting expeditions, building up membership and securing favorable action by the Government have interferred with the establishment of a regular and complete course, the Society has had lectures by Prof Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan, Secretary of the A. I. A.; Prof Thomas D. Seymour of Yale University, President of the Institute; Prof. Mitchell Carroll of the George Washington University, Washington, D. C.; Prof. Edgar L. Hewett of the Bureau of Ethnology, and now Director of American Archaeology for the Institute; Mr. C. P. Bowditch, Chairman of the American Committee of the Institute; its own Curator, F. M. Palmer, etc. It has also conducted a large number of lectures in California on the work of the Southwest Society, besides the twenty given by Mr. Lummis as course lecturer for the Archaeological Institute in all chief university centers of the East and at the annual meeting in Boston—where Dr. Palmer also lectured.

As soon as the Southwest Museum is established it is expected to maintain regular lecture courses which will cover the classical as well as the American field, illustrated with slides, and presented by the foremost authorities in these lines.

Business Methods.

When Eastern scientific bodies asked in wonder for the "secret" of the unprecedented growth of the Southwest Society, they were shown that it was due partly to the extraordinary scholarship and public spirit of this community, and partly to the fact that this Society "mixes business with its science," and conducts its enterprises according to the best business methods. Its bookkeeping is of the most modern sort, by card-ledger and fully experted. It uses constantly the mimeograph, the card catalogue, the follow-up system. It believes in publicity, and does more advertising than all the rest of the societies of the Institute put together. It employs a stenographer and typewriter, rents expensive rooms in the safest and best quarters; pays a larger bill for postage than the total expenses of the average society—and not only gets members twice as fast, but at less than one-fourth the expense.

Furthermore, its official directory, its Executive Committee, its special committees, and its trustees are a judicious blend of the best scientific scholarship with the foremost men in the legal and business ranks of this community. To those who know anything about Southern California on the business side, or on the scientific, the roster itself is sufficiently explanatory. There are no lawyers of higher standing than the legal advisors of the

Southwest Society. There are no business men whose rank is higher in this community than those who are giving their time and thought and money to this work.

Papers for the incorporation of the Southwest Museum are now being drawn up. The property of the Southwest Society, which will be transferred to the Southwest Museum, is fully safeguarded. The trustees of the real estate and the various funds include the oldest Trust Company and several of the most prominent bankers of the city.

As to its scientific quality, the Society has the hall-mark and the active coöperation not only of the Institute but of the scientific departments of the United States Government.

A survey of the tract is being made by Mr. V. J. Rowan. Deeds will be deposited with the Title Insurance & Trust Company, to be delivered upon payment of the remaining $8,000 and interest for the front twenty-two acres of the property.

It is to be remembered that out of the $50,000 price of this tract of 38.68 acres, only $23,000 remains to be raised; and that the larger part has been attended to by the single-handed efforts of one man—Mr. Henry W. O'Melveny, the Chairman of the Site Committee and the Finance Committee. The Southwest Museum Foundation Committee of forty-nine of the leading men and women of this city will be called together at once to organize a campaign for the raising of the balance for purchase of site and of a fund for the beginning of the museum buildings.

Cash Donations.

The following classification has been adopted for the permanent recording of such persons as shall aid in the upbuilding of the Southwest Museum:

Donors of funds accepted by the Executive Committee for the Southwest Museum shall be classified as follows; and shall thus be recorded forever in the archives of the museum and of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America.

1. Any person or organization providing means to build and equip an exhibition hall according to the official plans, shall be designated a FOUNDER, and shall be entitled to name said hall as a memorial to the donor or to some other person of the donor's selection.

2. Any person giving $1,000 or more shall be recorded as a PATRON.

3. A gift of $500 or upward shall constitute the giver a FELLOW in said museum.

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

A HOME OF THE SWALLOWS'-NEST PEOPLE

Casa Blanca, in Cañon de Chelly.

4. A gift of $100 or upward shall constitute the giver an ASSOCIATE in said museum.

5. Gifts from $1.00 to $100 shall entitle the giver to record as a CONTRIBUTOR.

In each case the permanent record shall show the amount of the contribution.

The first bequest of the Southwest Society was that of its lamented first President, James S. Slauson, who left in his testament $1,000 for the uses of the Society. This was applied to the maintenance of the Curator. The other Patrons thus far under the above classification are as follows, each having paid $1,000 toward the purchase of the site for the Southwest Museum:

H. W. O'Melveny,
C. A. Canfield,
Lacy Mfg. Co.,
C. C. Desmond,
Dan Murphy,
Geo. H. Pike,
R. A. Rowan & Co.,
Wm. G. Kerckhoff,
Abe Haas,
W. E. Hampton,
A. C. Bilicke,
James Cuzner,
James Slauson,
Edward L. Doheny,
John D. Bicknell,
Arcadia B. de Baker,
Maria de los Reyes D. de Francis,
Guadalupe M. Dominguez,
Gregorio del Amo,
Susana D. del Amo.

The Fellows, by the subscription of $500 each to the purchase of said site, are as follows:

H. Jevne,
Kaspare Cohn,
J. A. Torrance,
T. L. Duque.

Dr. Norman Bridge is the first Associate by the payment of $200.

Neiswender and Raymer are also made Patrons by their concession of $5,000 on the selling price of $50,000.

AMONG THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

THE Second Arizona Expedition of the Southwest Society was conducted in the Spring of 1906 by Dr. F. M. Palmer, Curator, among certain ruins of the prehistoric Cliff-dwellers. Dr. Edgar L. Hewett (of the Bureau of Ethnology and director of American Archaeology for the Institute) was of great assistance; and the secretary of the Southwest Society aided somewhat in the earlier explorations. The results of this expedition were of extraordinary

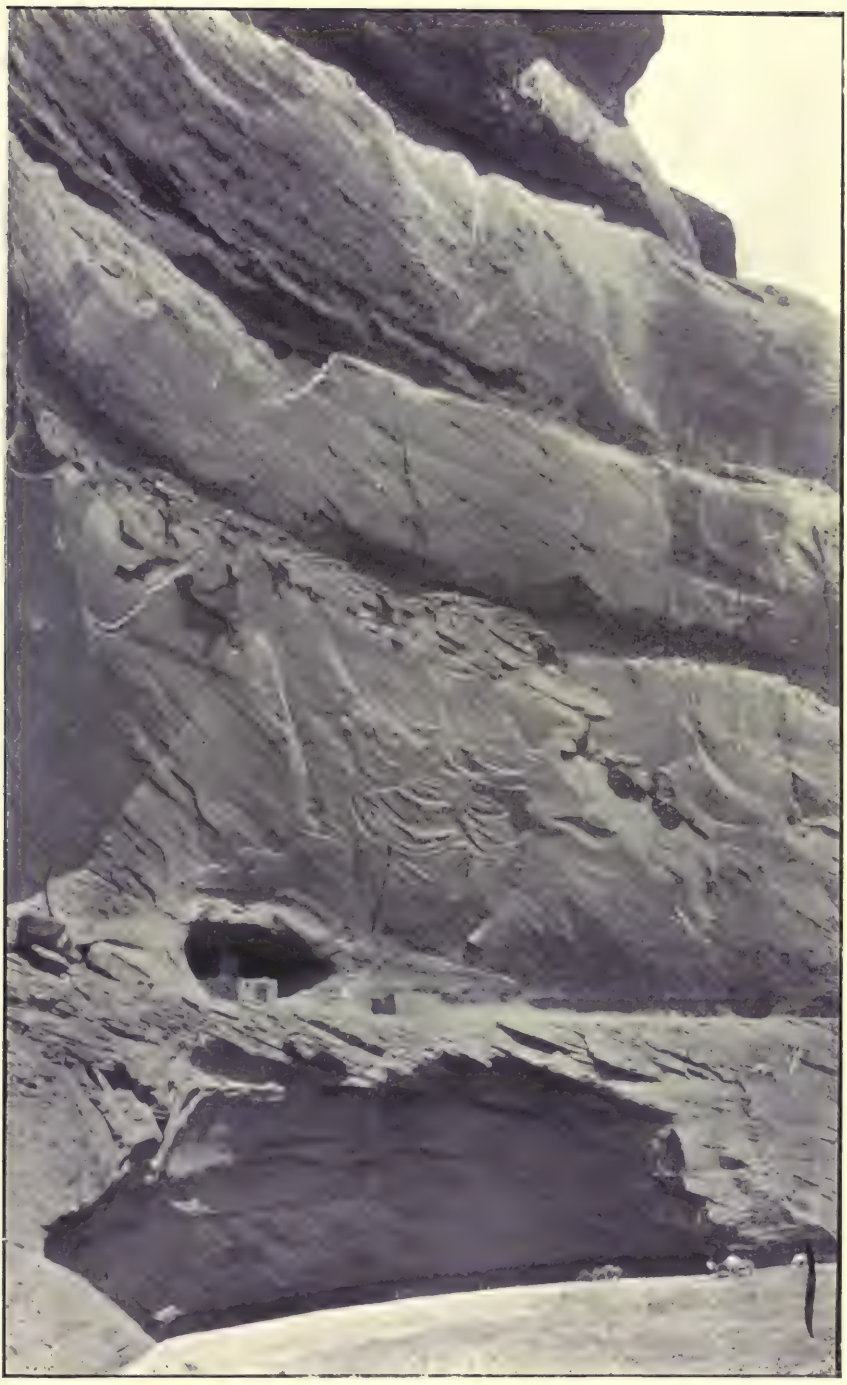


Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

RUIN OF "LA GOLONDRINA," CAÑON DEL MUERTO

(Note horses and wagons at foot.)

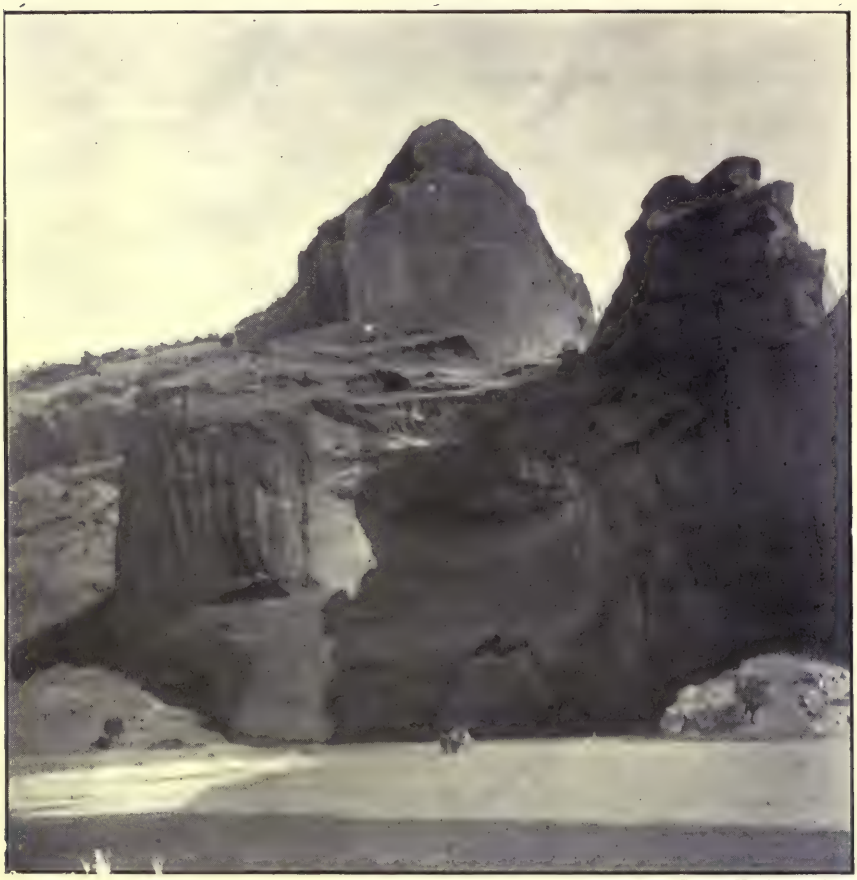


Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

A PYRAMID OF THE CAÑON DEL MUERTO

With one of the typical concavities in front.

value to science and to the Southwest Museum. They will be treated at length by Dr. Palmer in official publications. Meantime, a hint may be given of the nature of the country explored and the success of the explorations. Somewhat more on the subject will be said in the magazine "Out West" for June, 1907, with much fuller illustration.

No region in the world is more picturesque than the 150,000 square miles of the Cliff-dweller country; and of all that strange land of mesa and cañon, no portion is more beautiful than the extreme northeastern corner of Arizona, nearly up to the Utah line.

Apparently a plain, it is far higher above the sea than the top of Mt. Washington. Its peaks are few and far and blue; yet it is digitated with innumerable valleys—sudden, deep, wild gashes in the stone tableland. Probably no other equal area in the world has so many cliff-walled water-courses as this arid

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

DR. PALMER AT THE ANTELOPE RUIN

Cañon del Muerto.

A PINNACLE IN THE CAÑON DE CHELLY
(For height, note the horseback figure.)

and almost waterless land. It is one of its fascinating contradictions that where there is least water the erosion is more lasting, more vast, and more beautiful than in any land of broad and mighty rivers. The whole incomparable course of the Amazon shows less cliff-carving than is visible now as the workmanship of a petty stream whose very tadpoles must almost stand on their heads to keep their gills wet.

The Mesa country of the Southwest is famous in geology as in archaeology. In neither has it a competent rival; in both together it is absolutely without comparison. Of all the thousand winding cañons that cleave this vast plateau (whose crown-

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

TYPICAL PEÑOLES OF THE CAÑON DEL MUERTO

ing glory is, of course, the greatest gorge in the world, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado), no two are alike; and there is not one which would not add a new glory to Switzerland. And of them all there is not one more beautiful than that which, raveling the lower slopes of the Chuska, comes out at last at Chin Lee, to lose its cliffs and its waters alike in the desert sands. The Cañon de Chelly (Tsé-yi) and its main tributary, the Cañon del Muerto, have for more than a generation been world-renowned for their cliff-dwellings and their scenery. Of all the prehistoric ruins of the old Pueblo land, probably no one has been more often pictured than the "White House of de Chelly." But for scenic beauty, del Muerto is far superior—and in archaeological interest fully equal. Few white men know these wild crags and their wonderful remains of the Swallows' Nest People of Long Ago. It is all a hundred-mile drive from the railroad (at Gallup, N. M.)—but it is worth it.

This region determined the character of its prehistoric archi-

tecture by the cleavage of its sandstones. These were homogeneous strata of great depth, whose flakings were convex instead of flat. The course of the stream, under its 500-foot cliffs, is a series of reverse curves, with monumental peñoles at the bend and sweeping bays between, in whose walls are vast bowl-shaped cavities from 200 to 1,000 feet in length; some striking from the present flood-level, others a hundred, two hundred, three hundred feet above it. In these great arched recesses the home-loving people of ancient America, surrounded by savage nomad foes, build their fortress homes. The more inaccessible the shelf, the surer its location for a townsite. I have found immemorial ruins in the very eaves of such a cliff; up precipices so dizzy that even the natives refused to follow to the top. But in the old days no price of climbing was too high to pay for safety.

Del Muerto (Cañon of the Dead Man) gets its name from the typical fight in January, 1805, when the Navajo pirates who had been preying on the Pueblos and the Spanish settlements, retreated to the safest of its strongholds and defied their pursuers. A little squad of Spanish soldiers, under Lieutenant Antonio de Narbona, besieged them there. The cave was absolutely safe against aboriginal weapons and against storming, but the Spanish had flint-locks which would carry even across the cañon. They climbed the surrounding cliffs, and waited their chance. One by one they picked off the Navajos. So far as is recorded, none surrendered. Until very recently the bones of these hundred Navajos still bleached in the cave where they fell.

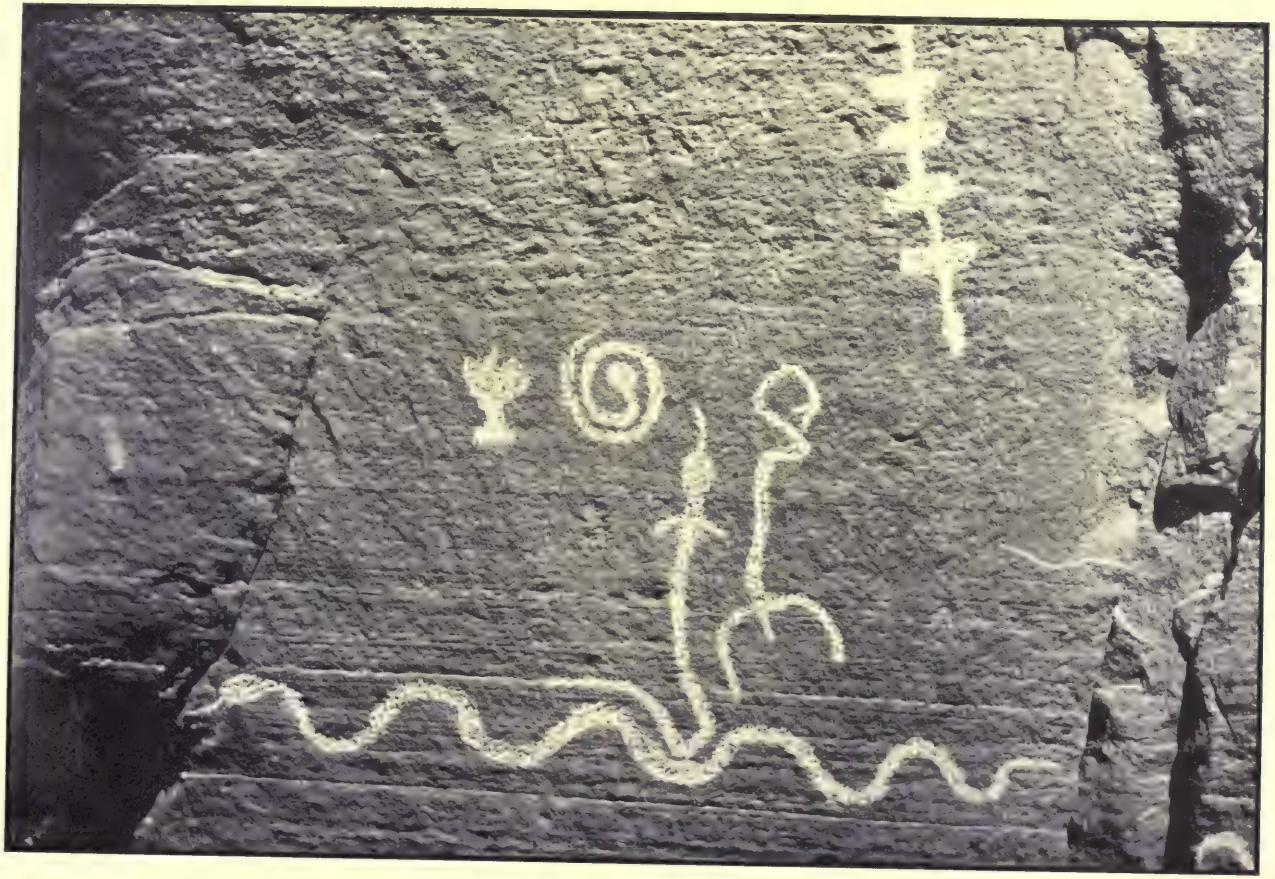
At every bend of this beautiful gorge are traces of its ancient occupancy by man—not of the same sort as the present Navajo herders who pitch their rude hogans and herd their goats on narrow sand-benches beside the stream; but the high little stone rooms or villages of the Swallows' Nest People. Sometimes they are only an arrow-flight above the water; sometimes so high in the beetling rocks that only an eagle eye can make them out, and only one with the foot of the mountain sheep can still climb to them.

In this labyrinth of cañons the Second Arizona Expedition made a splendid collection. Every ruin had been looted by pot-hunters; but scientific work still unearthed a wonderful array of textiles and fictiles—including the most important single collection of mortuary urns of the Cliff-dwellers, and many other unique objects. This collection shows, diagrammatically, the primitive life of that region—how the people dwelt, what they ate, what they wore, what gods they bowed down to—and how

prepared they went from their homes along the Four-Days' Trail to meet their gods.

The Cliff-dwellers have disappeared. Their crumbling castles serve to shelter the goats of their nomad foes, who have changed little in the millennium, and who have perhaps as naturally possessed the whole wilderness they once disputed, as the home-lovers have naturally gone down to safer, if less picturesque, habitats, and concentrated more, and learned more from the European invader. The Navajos are the largest Indian tribe in America, and perhaps the most interesting. They are the only aborigines who have borrowed all their present characteristic industries—stock-raising, metal-working, and blanket-weaving—from a conquering people; and this without learning the religion or the language that went with the industries. The Cliff-dwellers—that is, their heirs and assigns—are now Pueblos; with their half-dozen distinct linguistic stocks fully preserved, but following the god that came to them from the Old World. They are still farmers, and better farmers. They still are stone-masons, but no longer nesting in the cliffs. And along with their own ancient tongues they use the Spanish of the Conquest.

The Second Arizona Expedition secured among other things an important collection of the handicrafts of the Navajos, both ancient and modern. Much of the success of the expedition was due to the courtesy and public spirit of that last patriarch of the Western frontier, Don Lorenzo Hubbell. The sudden hyphenation between the Age of Stone and the Age of Electricity brought out extraordinary types. It was a wonderful opportunity, but it took men of depth and breadth and elasticity to meet it. It found such men. The weaklings who tried, sank. The strong men who tried—they grew giants. Of what a man can do in this curious relation, as an intermeditary between the new and the old, between the patriarchal and the commercial, I have never known so extraordinary an example. Every man who has stood sentry there for twenty years is worth knowing, worth earning for friend; but I believe not one of these gray pioneers will grudge my estimate of Don Lorenzo as their Dean. Every scientist, artist, writer, globe-trotter, Indian or tramp that ever passed his way is his particular debtor; and he has even come near to reviving the Lost Art of the Navajo Blanket.



PICTOGLYPHS IN THE BOX CAÑON

1st Arizona Expedition

THE FIRST ARIZONA EXPEDITION.*

By DR. F. M. PALMER.

HE who can play while he works, knows how good it is to be alive.

A full realization of this was brought home to me when, during the summer of 1905, it became at once my duty and privilege to conduct (on behalf of the Southwest Society) an investigation of certain prehistoric ruins in Navajo County, Arizona. For many years I had looked with longing eyes toward that storm-riven, wind-swept, sun-burned land, in whose fashioning the hand of the Creator has not as yet eradicated all evidence of the mighty forces employed in making a world—a land of mystery, whose valleys, peaks and appalling gorges in the remote past afforded home and shelter to men whose bones, cradled in her jealous bosom, enwrapped in a meshwork of roots of pines and cedars hundreds of years old, are slowly crumbling into nothingness.

In common with most of the natives of America, it was the custom of these people to place in the grave the personal effects of the deceased. And it is by an examination of the contents of these ancient cemeteries that we obtain most of our information with relation to prehistoric races.

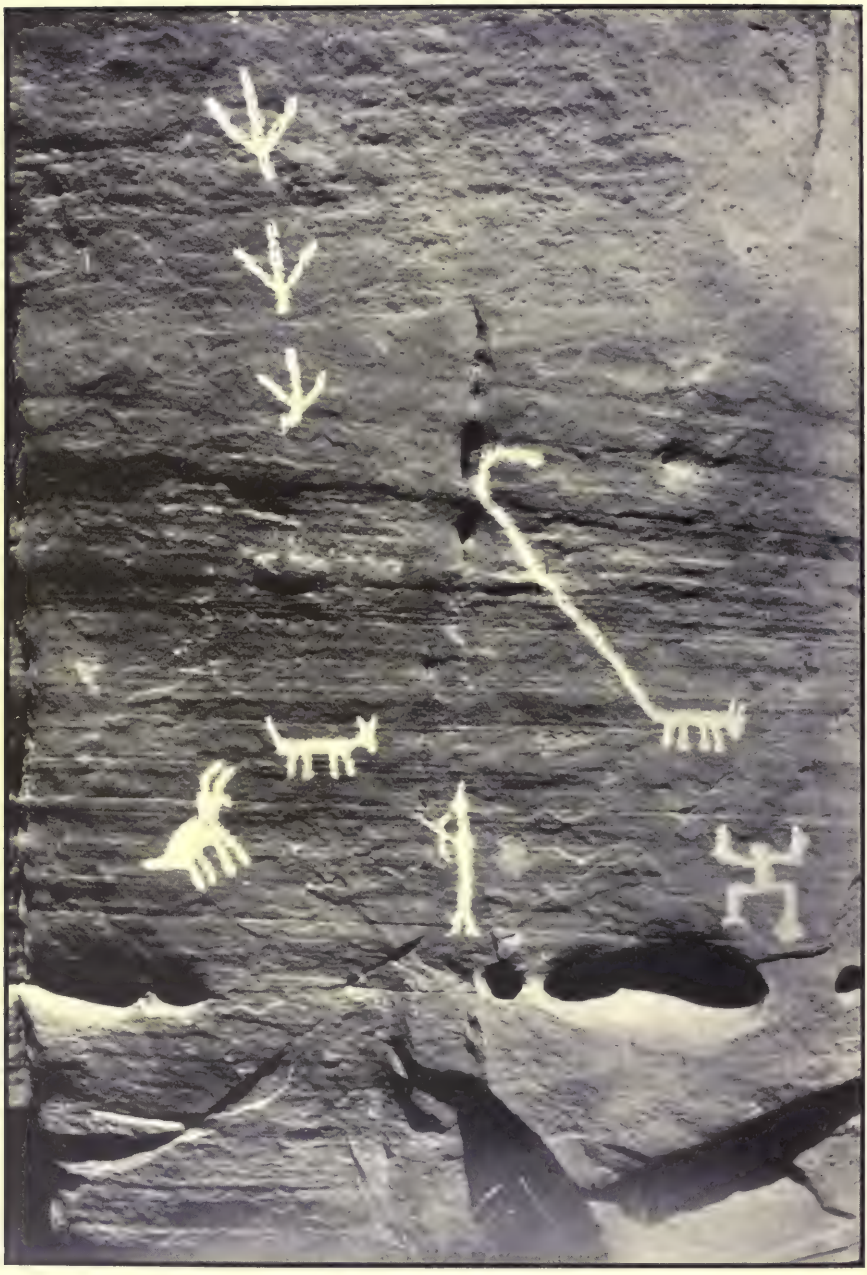
The hope is probably ever-present in the hearts of all American archaeologists that some tangible evidence may be found that shall measurably raise the curtain of profound mystery that is suspended between the men of today and the men who evolved that wonderful culture pertaining to the ancient Pueblos and Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest. Directly, it was earnestly hoped that these researches might result in collections (for our Southwest Museum) representing and illustrating the degree of civilization attained by these people.

After careful consideration, and in view of the fact that the territory in which I was permitted to make explorations was limited, I settled upon the Mormon town of Snowflake as a base.

A twenty-four hours' ride from Los Angeles on the Santa Fé, and we arrived at Holbrook. Leaving the train at this point, we were met by a team and spring wagon; we soon had everything aboard, and started on a thirty-five mile ride due south to Snowflake. The intervening country is practically a desert. There is no farming of any kind; a few stunted junipers here and there only accentuate the severity of the landscape.

---

*Condensed from an article in Out West, December, 1905.



Southwest Museum, 1st Arizona Expedition **Pictoglyphs in an Arizona Cañon.**

PREHISTORIC ART IN THE SOUTHWEST

The little Mormon town presents a marked contrast to the barrenness of the country through which we had all day been traveling. As is customary in all their settlements, trees are planted along both sides of all its streets, poplar and locust being the varieties used. These trees are bountifully and continually supplied with water, as the result of another admirable custom of these people. On either side of all streets, canals about three feet in width are kept filled with running water. Snowflake has a population of about six hundred; three stores, public schools and an academy. Many of the houses, and all public buildings, are of brick of home manufacture. Prosperity has rewarded the energy and perseverance of these people.

I had selected a large ruin twenty-five miles south of Snowflake, located on patented land, surrounded on three sides by Forest Reserves, as point for our first endeavor.

It was an all day's ride, the latter half through mountain passes surrounded on every hand by towering rocky heights nearly hidden from view by a magnificent growth of pines, many of which are more than 100 feet in height. Its forestation is the saving of Arizona. A strict maintenance in perpetuity of Forest Reverves in this Territory is an absolute essential.

The ruin we began upon is situated on an outcropping of sandstone which has an elevation of about twenty feet above the surrounding country. Judging from the amount of fallen stone, the pueblo must certainly have been two, and possibly three, stories high. The ruin is, however, complete; not one stone resting in position upon another above the present surface of the ground. The stone of which the pueblo had been constructed was probably taken from the very outcropping upon which it was built. These stones were of varying thickness—2½ to 8 inches, the sides and ends being rudely squared. They had originally been held in proper position in the building by a mortar which appears to be a mixture of clay and sand. This description may be taken as typical of all ruins in this locality, save only in size and the probable number of stories.

I examined more than eighty ruins, and in no case did I find any part of the wall standing above ground. But only in part is this utter devastation to be attributed to natural causes. Men now living in the section have told me that the destruction has been greater in the last ten years than in the preceding twenty—by vandal relic-hunters, ravages of stock, and last (but by no means least), despoliation by people living near. The walls are thrown down, the stones hauled away and used in private residences, and even for public buildings. It is a Godsend that they are not permitted to lay their sacrilegious hands upon any

INTERIOR OF EXCAVATED ROOM, SHOWING PERFORATED SANDSTONE SLAB 1st Arizona Expedition

part of that which still remains under control of the National Government.

I put two men to work clearing away the debris at a point where appeared to be outlines of two rooms; and three running trenches in what seemed a likely location for the burial place. Both surmises proved correct. In the collapsing of the walls of the building, a part had fallen in upon the lower story, a part outwardly and banked up on the outside; the elements had disintegrated the mortar, which, with drifting soil, and the accumulation of vegetable mold, had finally effected such a change that at this moment the ruin presents the appearance of an elongated, irregular shaped mound, partially covered with rudely squared blocks of sandstone. After clearing away so as to be able to define the outlines of the rooms selected for examination, excavation was carried on until everything they contained was brought to light.

In the meanwhile the work in the trenches was progressing, and toward sundown the burial place was located. But so far as adding anything to the collection for our Museum is concerned, we might as well not have found it. The most of the bones were crumbled almost to the point of annihilation, and the sandy clay and ashes in which the burials were made had hardened into what was practically concrete. After two days of hard work, without being able to save a single specimen, I took the men away from the trenches and had them assist in excavating rooms. In the rooms the conditions were little, if any, better than in the burial place. Shovels were absolutely useless, except for throwing out the dirt which had first been laboriously detached by use of the pick-axe. We secured a number of specimens in these rooms, but every one of them was cut out of its hard resting place with a butcher knife.

One of these rooms is 7 feet 7 inches long; 6 feet 9 inches wide; and now (to the surface) 5 feet 3 inches high. The one shown in the photograph is 10 feet 6 inches long; 9 feet 4 inches wide; 4 feet 11 inches high, all inside measurements. The walls are about 20 inches thick, and have, of course, lost something of their height. The fireplace was in the center of each room. I found no evidence of doors or windows; the entrance was probably at the top. The floors in these rooms were of rough sandstone slabs, covered with a mixture of clay and ashes to a depth of about 6 inches. This ruin measures, over all, 320 feet in length, 80 feet in width, with what now appears to have been a large central court. The difficulty of doing the work at this ruin was so great, and the proceeds for our Museum so small, that I concluded to look for a more promising field. The

1st Arizona Expedition

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM—SOME EXTRAORDINARY POTTERIES

1st Arizona Expedition

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM—PREHISTORIC POTTERY, HANDLED JUGS OR PITCHERS

entire appropriation at our disposal would not do one-half the work required for a thorough investigation.

The objects taken from these rooms, shown in illustration No. 2, consist of five implements made from deer horns; three implements made from leg bones of deer; four other bones; one large bone chisel; two stones used in smoothing pottery; ten stone knives; one grooved arrow-shaft straightener. In the rooms and burial place we found sixty pieces of pottery, but were unable to save any of it. On the surface one bead made

of what appears to be "Catlinite" was found; also thirty arrow points.

No regularity with relation to position was observed in the burials. The graves had been made about three and one-half feet in depth. Pottery was invariably found near the head, sometimes at one side only; again on both; yet again on both, and at the top. Sometimes, though more rarely, an additional piece was found near the hips, or at the feet.

September 11th to 15th I visited a number of ruins, but found in each instance that I had been preceded by others who had made more or less thorough research. In every case the burial place had been looted; in fact, the only apparent object of those who had committed these depredations was to obtain pottery from the graves. There were no evidences whatever of any scientific work, save only that which I was informed had been performed by representatives of the Government.

September 15th we located two small ruins that are situated on a sandstone ridge about five miles long, and having a dense growth of junipers. Many of these trees are more than three feet in diameter. One of my photographs shows such a tree growing in the center of a room. These two ruins are separated by about 1,500 feet. I have designated them as "The Juniper Ridge Ruins." Less stone and more adobe appears to have been used in their construction. In fact, I was able to find but a single room of which enough remained to warrant investigation. This room was photographed. Its preservation is owing to the fact that in its construction it had been placed below the original level of the surrounding territory. A circular excavation four feet in depth and ten feet in diameter had been made; this excavation was then lined with a wall of thin sandstone slabs three and one-half or four feet in length by eighteen to twenty inches in width, placed vertically around the excavation. Notwithstanding the small dimensions of this room, it contained three fireplaces built against the walls. Two of these fireplaces can be seen in the photograph. In one of these fireplaces was found a fine grooved stone hammer. At a depth of three and one-half feet, and seemingly near the original floor-level, we encountered a skeleton; the bones, however, were in the last stages of decay, and quickly crumbled to dust upon exposure. No pottery or other artifects had been placed with the deceased. I incline to the opinion that the Grim Reaper exacted the last tribute from this individual suddenly and violently, and in all probability at a time when he was peacefully pursuing his usual vocation.

Leaning against the wall of this room were two sandstone

slabs; they are about 1 inch in thickness, roughtly squared to about 18 by 22 inches in outline. A circular hole 6 inches in diameter has been wrought in the center of each. They plainly show evidence of long continued use in connection with fire. There can, I think, be no doubt that they were placed across the top of the fireplaces during culinary operations; the central hole over which a cooking pot was placed facilitating the cooking of its contents, exactly as the holes in a modern range are used, and for the same reason.

The burial place pertaining to these ruins was located by my son, F. L. Palmer. The observations of the burials at Ruin No. 1 are equally applicable here. The ground, however, was a little less hard, and we were able to save all the pottery which had not been destroyed at the time of burial. I am of the opinion that the burials at this ruin must have been made at a very remote period, even when considered in relation to similar ruins in this section. This conclusion is based upon the total disintegration of bones found associated with the pottery in the burial place. It was an absolute impossibility, even by an exercise of the utmost patience and care, to obtain a photograph of the contents of a single grave in situ.

October 4th, I made a visit to a box cañon located three and one-half miles northeast of Snowflake. This cañon is about thirty miles in length, and in places more than 200 feet in depth. At various places its nearly vertical walls of sandstone show abundant pictoglyphs. I secured a number of photographs which accompany this article.

As a result of these researches there has been secured for the Museum a representative collection of primitive artifects incident to the country explored. Its appraisement in science remains to be determined; but of its large value to the Museum there can be no doubt.

[The first Arizona expedition, which Dr. Palmer outlines above, was conducted under the old restrictions that forbade exploration of the richest antiquarian field in the Southwest. Since then the Southwest Society has, in a single-handed campaign, secured the opening of this field to science.—Ed.]

REVIVING AN ANCIENT CRAFT.

IT IS a disquieting fact that civilization invariably destroys the native arts and crafts, and gives us poor substitutes in their place. The original tendency of humankind is to work honestly—and "honest work" means the admixture of love and pride with manual skill. We have, of course, developed what we call Art; and it is a noble invention. But no one who is familiar with the earlier achievement of the race can escape certain periods of doubt as to whether the production of one person in ten thousand who can smack prepared colors upon prepared canvas to the contentment of buyers is a wholly satisfactory exchange for the more ancient condition in which everyone was an artist, and everything that was made by the hand of man had a certain artistic quality.

The first domestic arts in America have been, for many years, perilously near extinction. The machine has taken the place, in our economy, of that maker and master of all machines—the human hand. Whatever effect the machine-made has had on our

Southwest Museum

A RATTLESNAKE BASKET

(Luiseño Mission Indians.)

7 inches diameter; white and gold-brown.

Southwest Museum

CAMPO (MISSION INDIAN) BASKETS

own life, there is no question of its effect in degrading those arts of simpler peoples to whom (by an unconscious sarcasm on ourselves) we turn for our most cherished ornaments. There are few rich Americans who would not be glad, for instance, to own a Navajo blanket of the best Old School. But they cannot. Twenty years ago, such a blanket could be bought for $20, when high. There are 20,000 Navajos still living, herding sheep and horses, and weaving blankets; but you cannot hire one of them to make for $500 one of those old "joy" blankets. Their old art has been hamstrung by cheaper processes, aniline dyes and the demand of the thoughtless.

The still older art of basketry—the first artistic craft in America—is suffering almost as much. The best baskets ever made, between the beginning of this terrestrial globe as a habitable place for man and the first day of December, 1906, were made on the Pacific Coast of America. They were made not to sell but to use. And "stupid" Indian women put as much labor, as much love, as much art sense into one basket to be used for a mush-kettle, as the average civilized woman today puts into housekeeping and art together in a year; and this is not a guess, for even the market justifies the estimate. One of these Indian mush-pots has been sold within two years for $2,500.

But as prices have gone up, quality has gone down. The leisurely relic-seeker and collector has run after strange gods; has demanded new colors; has suggested the introduction of

modern figures and shapes—and even the alphabet. Not long ago, a number of well-meaning people procured a Navajo woman to weave a blanket full of Masonic emblems!

Two years ago the art of basketry among the Mission Indians of Southern California was fast becoming extinct. Only the old women persisted in it; and even they had been sophisticated by the demand of crazy-quilt tourists. The young women, educated in government schools, or influenced by their sisters thus educated, looked down on the old life and the old arts, and yearned only to do fancy work, diddle a mandolin, and own a picture hat.

The Sequoya League and the Southwest Society have had the good fortune, in conjunction, to arrest the extinction of this beautiful art. They purchase for spot cash every decent basket made by the Indians of the five Campo reservations, and have also taken the product of some other tribes. They pay in proportion to the sincerity of the work. They refuse to take any basket faked after meretricious colors, designs or shapes. The more "Indian" the basket, the better price. Incidentally, this is largely assisting the self-support of a large number of original Californians whom the government had left starving.

The most typical baskets thus produced are taken by the Southwest Society for the Southwest Museum.

In a recent visit to some of the reservations where, twelve months ago, only a few old women were making sophisticated market baskets, I was delighted to find, first a lot of young women (and even girls) returning to and becoming professioned in their hereditary art work; and also a general reversion to the shapes, colors and patterns devised by those who invented the art and loved it and by love developed it. Baskets are being made now by these people as they would make them for themselves; and the best basket ever produced on the Campo Reservations has been turned out recently by an old woman who was delighted at the chance to surpass her own earlier efforts.

CATCHING OUR ARCHAEOLOGY ALIVE *

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

WHEN the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America began, as the very forefront of its scientific activities, to record on a large scale the old folk-songs of the Southwest, there were not lacking formal persons in the East to protest: "But that isn't archaeology, you know."

---

*Condensed from the Second Bulletin, now out of print.

ROSENDO URNCHURTU MAKING A RECORD

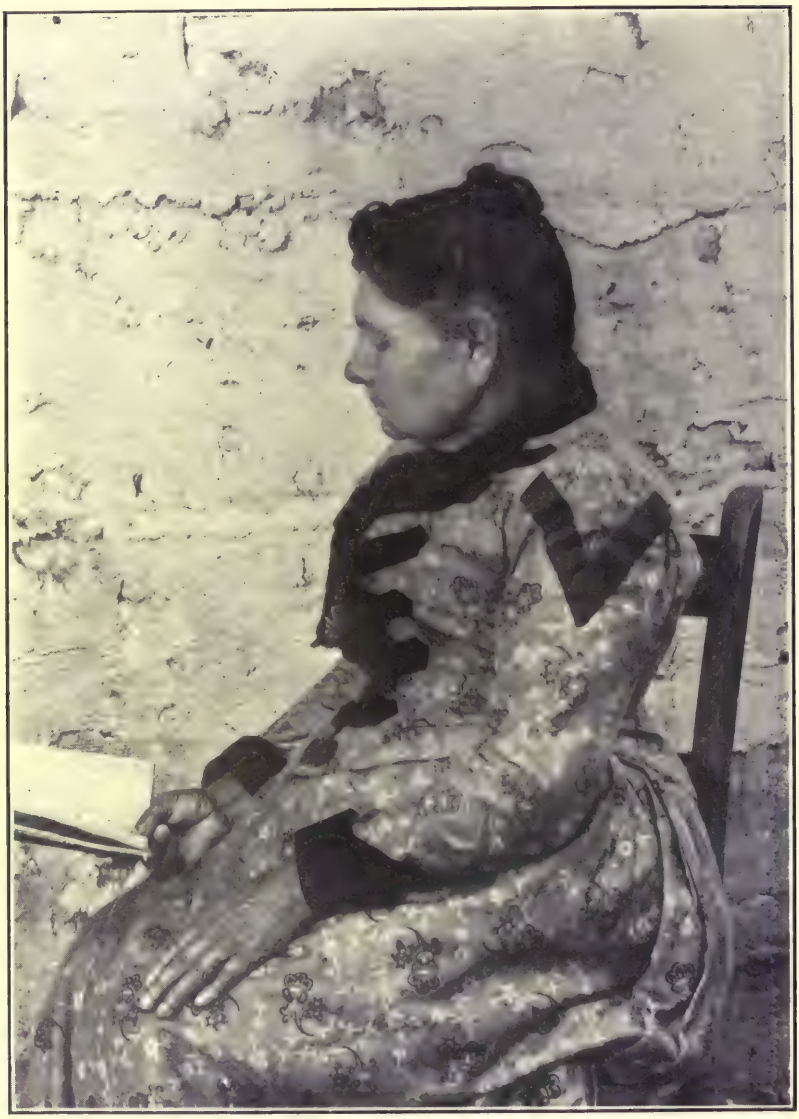
To which the obvious and the actual reply was: "No, it isn't. But in ten years it will be, and as dead and gone as the rest. Out here we think it would be rather sensible and scientific to **catch our Archaeology alive.**"

And that is what the Southwest Society has done, is doing, and will continue to do for so long as there shall remain a still-animate specimen to collect. It is also uncovering and re-articulating the dry bones of the extinct humanities in its great field; it has in three years done far more for the archaeology and history of its region than all the sister societies ever did —and has in its hands the tangible results, for the greater glory of science and the benefit of this public. But the great work it began in its maiden year was barely in time.

When I first stumbled upon the Southwest, more than twenty-two years ago, it was Different. The stark peaks, the bewitched valleys were as now. As now, except that the Old Life had not yet fled from them. Across those incredible ac-

clivities, where distance loses itself and the eye is a liar, the prong-horn antelope still drifted, like a ghostly scud of great thistle-down, five hundred in a band. In the peaks, the cimarron still played ladder with the precipices; in the pineries, the grizzly shambled snuffling; and in green rincones where valley and foothill come together, and a spring issues of their union, there were lonely adobes, with a curl of friendly smoke from their potsherd chimneys—gray, flat little homes, bald without, but within warm and vocal of the Old Times when people sang because they Felt Like It.

Today the antelopes are gone; the cimarrones have yielded up their wonderful coiled horns to adorn the walls of those who didn't kill them; the grizzlies are rugs for persons who couldn't shoot a flock of barns flying low; and the songs are almost as near extinction. Never before in history has sophistication been so precipitate; never before has man been bumped from the Stone Age or the Patriarchal to the Age of Edison, as it were between two days. The same merciless obsession which wantonly exterminated our noble game—which slaughtered more bisons in twelve years than there are human beings in England—it has already all but exterminated the history, the romance and the science of what was, even within my own personal acquaintance, one of the richest regions on the globe for Anthropology all together; an area of a million square miles as rich in prehistoric archaeology as Ancient Greece is, and incomparably more neglected. And besides the mummied past, it has the living human documents essentially contemporary with the oldest ruin. In other words, while, in Palestine, Science is groping in the dust that was Abraham, we in the Southwest talk with the patriarch himself. We have the monuments and the artifects—but we have also the very makers of them. It need not be said to any intelligent person that this counts. Suppose we could interview the man that compelled the Venus of Milo from cold rock to warm men's hearts forever? What do you think it would be worth if we had an absolutely authenticated phonographic record of the words—or of ten words—of Homer, or Cæsar, or Shakespeare? Why, a man could raise in New York in a week $10,000 per cylinder. Now, the phonographic records the Southwest Society is making are of less notorious individuals, but of time and race-types no less important. These songs are the very earliest American Classics—and Live Classics are quite as essential to science, and quite as interesting to mere human beings, as are Dead Classics. And they have the critical distinction that they are perishable—and perishing. Type has saved to us (thanks to our more provident forebears) the words



DOÑA ADALAIDA KAMP, OF VENTURA
Who has recorded sixty-four old California songs for the Society.

of Greece and Rome, though we know not the tones nor even the accent; we have the syllables, but not the airs, in which "burning Sappho loved and sung." The art-objects, sealed in preservative dust, have kept very well for twenty centuries—and are safeguarded from vandals by intelligent governments. But our American Classics, whether of letters or of artifects, we must save in our very day, by our proper efforts—or our children's children will have nothing left of them. The speech is unwritten; and our civilized government has permitted the

monuments and ruins to be pillaged infamously to the six winds.

Here was a literature really great—great in volume, great in its fiber. It was rich in religious feeling, rich in legend, rich in poetry and imagination and romance. But a careless civilization has swept tidal down upon it, even as upon the buffalo. We have killed off our schoolmasters without bothering to record the lesson first! What is left of that great First American literature is but scattered drift, lodged here and there upon the precarious memories of the aged remnants of a disappearing people. Yet even this is enormously worth saving. It can even yet be gathered up to full the volume of the Greek and Roman Classics. But whatever of it the United States has scholarship and sense enough to care to save, must be saved within a decade. Not only that—even three years from today would be too late to begin the task with any hope of accomplishing fifty per cent. of what can now be done.

For a thousand years the aborigine has handed on from father to son, practically without variableness or shadow of turning, not only the Law and the Prophets, not only the folklore, but the cradle songs, the love songs, the ceremonial hymns, the war songs, the stirring chanteys they used to chorus as they worked together. And with every year they have made new songs as the spirit moved. For three centuries the Spanish pioneers of the Southwest have been similarly entailing the songs that came with their fathers from Spain—and also building up by themselves in their wilderness another wonderful fabric of native American minstrelsy. Both peoples were natural troubadours—both of that culture-stage in which song is the logical expression of feeling, and improvisation an every-day gift. There were no orchestras or prima donnas to rain hireling and vicarious melody alike on the just and the unjust. When a man wanted song, he sang it himself—and got more good of it than any deputy could furnish him. Under these circumstances of self-dependence and self-sufficing, native song flourishes most characteristically. Such people sing more than we who are civilized—and more sincerely. They were wise to take their joy at first hand. Some tribes were even smart enough to do their penitence as we do our music—they appointed one vicar to fast and pray and mortify his flesh for the whole village, while they sang for themselves and for him too!

We must not think of these songs as worthy of salvation only that scientists may dissect them for ponderous monographs. They are distinctly human in their value. We need them in our pleasure. If ever there is to be a real American music, these are

MISS MANUELA C. GARCIA
Who has recorded 150 songs (the "record") for the Southwest Society.

the rock upon which it must be founded. Even the Indian songs are many of them of great delicacy, and many of great strength. Some of the war-songs, some of the race-songs, adequately harmonized, would be as stirring as the Marseillaise. Some of the lullabies, love-songs, dream-songs, are as tender as any we know.

And of course the Spanish musical development is fully up to any other in civilization. The finest "American" or European songs have none the better, in word or air, in grace and fire and wit, of innumerable old ditties of Spanish-America, while in rhythm we are generically inferior. We need these genuine, characteristic, heart-born and heart-reaching songs to enrich our impoverished repertories—how hard up we are, we scarce realize till we analyze the sort of commercial shoddy we are producing. The majority of our music today is made to sell; the old songs were made to sing. They have that same haunting quality of "Annie Laurie," and "Nellie Gray"—but with a lilt and a patter all their own.

When twenty years ago, I began to realize something of all this, there was no royal road. I did learn by ear, and still retain faithfully, a great number of these unwritten airs and words—camping for months with Mexican sheepherders in the remote mountains of New Mexico for the purpose. But one poor and hard-working student can do little single-handed—and there was no "backing." Still, some of the songs I then acquired could not now be replaced. With the beginnings of the phonograph, such scholars as the lamented Dr. Washington Matthews, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, the lamented John Comfort Fillmore, and minor others, applied it to such work; but they were handicapped by the backwardness of scientific interest and by the unsatisfactory medium. Their work is invaluable, and they have done what they could—but in any other country they would have been enabled to do more.

Now, however, the Wizard has well-nigh perfected his machine. Reasonably portable, the Edison Home Phonograph gives highly satisfactory results in recording and in reproducing. One can carry the same machine to an Indian camp, and take the songs; and thence to a large auditorium and present them to a thousand people.

Furthermore, backed by a fast increasing public interest and by the highest scientific authority; with the devoted assistance of a little corps of experts—and, no less important, perhaps, being in the very field where these songs are, instead of having to send costly expeditions for them—the Southwest Society has already compassed the fullest, the most reasoned and the most interesting collection of folk-songs ever made.

Already we have over 600 records—including over 100 in no less than thirty different Indian languages, the rest in Spanish. It is already a repertory of extraordinary range and richness. Among the Indian contributions—which are from tribes all over California, Arizona, New Mexico, etc., plains tribes, mountain tribes, valley tribes, pagan tribes, Mission tribes—are some as tender as the call of the mourning dove which one of them simulates. A nursery song of the tigerish Apaches is as sweet as the—

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber"

which you and I heard in boyhood. Some of the Navajo war-songs, some of the Pueblo martial airs—like one at the ceremonial races of the Cacique—are so irresistible in their swing that I have caught whole civilized audiences keeping foot-time to the cylinder.

Of the Spanish folk-songs that were sung in this Southwest long before anyone of our speech had ever got within a thousand

Photo by C. F. L.

MISSES LUISA AND ROSA VILLA
Who have given the Society some of its most beautiful records.

miles of this region, I can neither exaggerate, nor yet convey the inevitable charm. Schubert's "Serenade" is no more exquisite than some serenades of these simple old times. Some of the nursery songs are fully up to the best of Mother Goose; while their airs are incomparably more "taking." There are battle-songs that anyone might march to; and love-songs as passionate and lingering as Shelley's, "I arise from dreams of thee."

There are songs of reminiscence for which we have no peers —beside "Don Simon," for instance, our "Old Resin the Beau" or "Old Oaken Bucket" (pretty good things by themselves) seem rather childish in word and in philosophy. Perhaps most interesting of all are the songs nearest the soil—the melodious whimsies of cowboys, shepherds, peons, rancheros, and all the other humble units of that lonely life. Strange as it seems to us, many of these songs are by people who could neither read nor write, and who didn't "know a note."

If there ever was anywhere any kind of a song that has not its representative here, I cannot remember it. There is every sort—

from the most religious to the most dare-devil; from the tenderest to the most cynical; from the most despairing to the most jubilant. And for real wit, Tom Moore was the last man to write English songs of anything like the same category—and his English songs were Irish! Doubtless something of the dry and seasoned wit which distinguishes Spanish above all other modern languages, was grafted upon the peninsula by the Celts in their ancient duration there. We of today have innumerable "funny" songs, and a few humorous; but our humor is rather bludgeoned, and no kin to the deft, razor-edged but unmalicious quality of the Iberian.

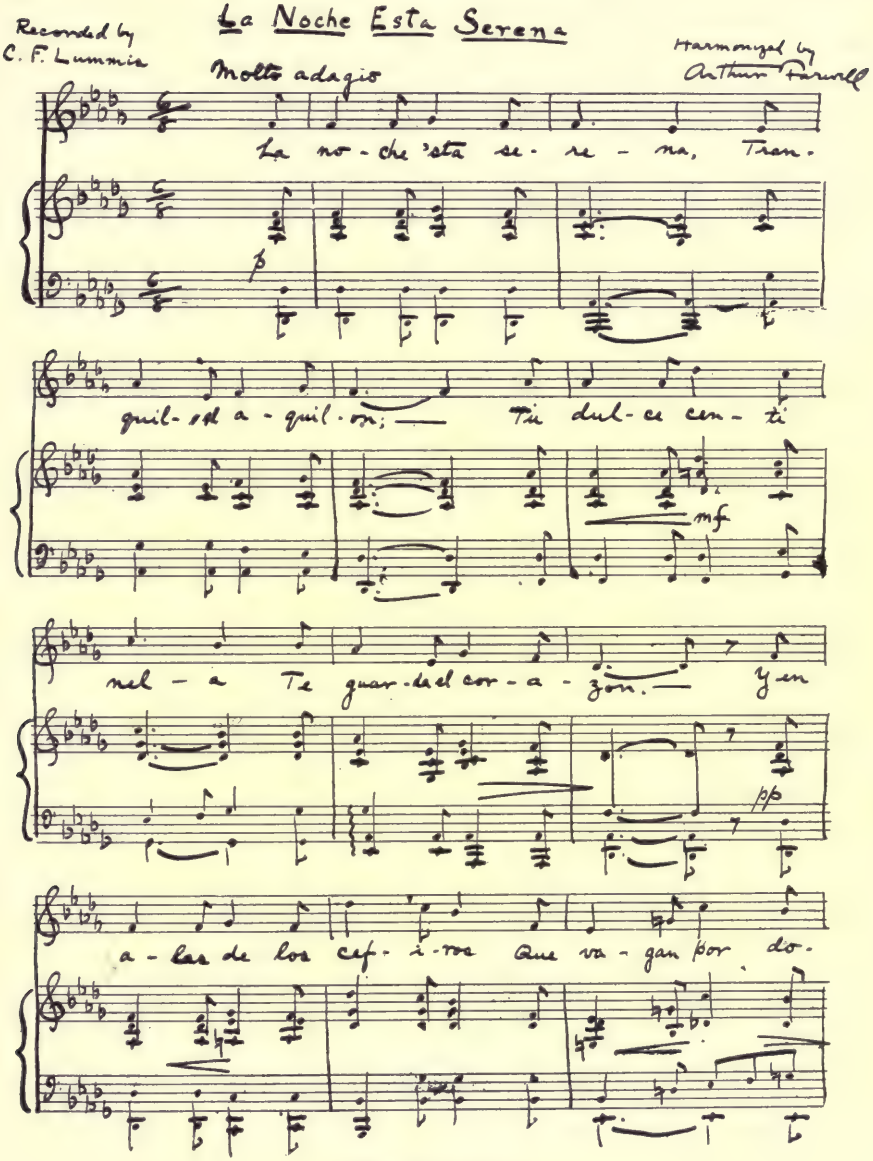
None but the student can realize the astounding rapidity with which all these songs are disappearing. The old people who knew them are dying off; the younger generation (with that unreasoned mimicry which is obliterating national characteristics everywhere) forget—or even look down on—the musical inheritance of which any people might be proud, and learn our "ragtime." Within even ten years the "mortality," so to speak, among these songs has been almost incredible. Reasoning from personal experience—and hundreds of times I have found songs forgotten by the very people who had taught me them a decade earlier—this loss must approximate fifty per cent! Worst of all, the rate is rapidly increasing—for reasons obvious after what has been said.

The Southwest Society has been so fortunate as to ferret out and enlist a number of those who still remember. Some are old, some are only old-fashioned enough to care. A poor old washerwoman, proud of her race, was a perfect bonanza of the early California songs; while a rich young matron, a famous toast, equally cherishes this her inheritance. A blind Mexican lad has been one of the staunch props of the work; and several brave young women who could ill afford the sacrifice of time, have contributed to science far more in proportion than does many a rich "patron." The most extraordinary achievement has been that of Miss Manuela C. Garcia, of Los Angeles, who has sung the records of no less than 150 songs, with the full words! Few can do that in any language, from sheer memory. Doña Adalaida Kamp, of Ventura, comes next with sixty-four records. Credit and gratitude belong also, in generous measure, to the Misses Luisa and Rosa Villa, Don Rosendo Uruchurtu, Mrs. Tulita Wilcox Miner, Don Francisco Amate, and many others. These records, by the way—or several score of them—have been phonographically presented to California audiences aggregating many thousand people, and invariably with a cordial welcome. A representative thirty of them have been phonographically repro-

duced by me before many thousands of people in the East—before the affiliated societies of the Institute and numerous universities—and have never failed to arouse the keenest interest.

The Spanish songs have now been transcribed from the cylinders to paper, after a year's hard work by experts—the foundations being laid in four months' strenuous application by Arthur Farwell. They are now in process of translation. A full presentment of all these songs, with music, Spanish and English words, and critical notes, will be issued by the Southwest Society as a contribution to science; and will be indispensable to every important museum, university and library. Sixty of the choicest of these songs have been harmonized by Mr. Farwell, and will be published as a popular volume—with the Spanish words and a careful metrical translation. This may come out before the larger work, and will have a wide sale. It will be the largest and the richest addition ever made by any one book to the repertory of "songs we'd all like to have."

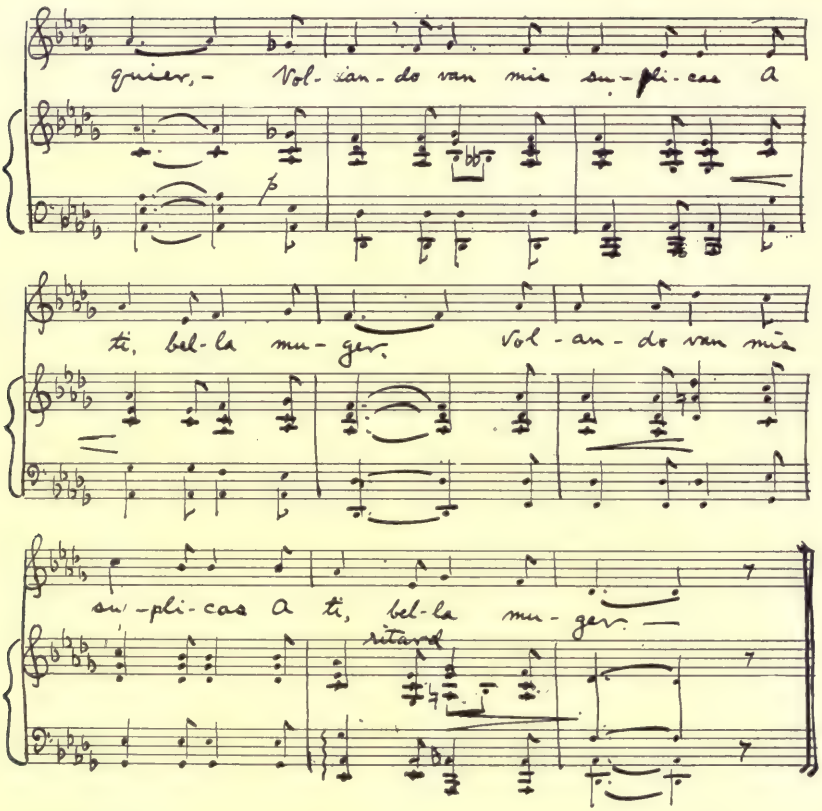
Here are sixty songs which have stood the test of from fifty to two hundred years, among people as hard to suit musically as we—and this will be the first we have ever heard of them. Anyone who could write today one song that would strike as deep in as many hearts, and be remembered as long by as many people, as "Suwanee River" or "My Old Kentucky Home"—would need no other revenue than his royalties. But here are sixty songs, all practically in that heartfelt category. Such a volume will be a steady income to the Society; and a sheet edition would still more increase the revenue. There is a wide, constant and growing demand for Spanish songs—and no adequate supply; neither in this country nor in any other. Our people wish an English version alongside the Spanish—and the attempts so far made are ludicrously inadequate. Even the greatest of all Spanish-American songs, "LaPaloma," printed a hundred times, and butchered by a million bands and instruments and singers, has never had an English version that it would be truthful to call tolerable; and only one respectable phonographic record. It is probably the hardest song in the world, to sing or to play or to translate just right—but it isn't so hopeless as the published versions would indicate.

After the Spanish collections (which appeal to the larger audience), the Indian songs will be transcribed, translated, annotated and published—probably in the same way; an inclusive scientific volume; and a popular selection of perhaps 40 songs harmonized and set to English verse which shall reflect the spirit of the originals.

La Noche Esta Serena
Recorded by C. F. Lummis
Harmonized by Arthur Farwell
Molto adagio
La no-che 'esta se-re-na, Tran-
quil-a a-quil-on; Tu dul-ce cen-ti
nel-a Te guar-da el cor-a-zon. Y en
a-las de los cef-i-ros Que va-gan por do-

SERENADE.

La Noche Está Serena.

La noche está serena, tranquilo el aquilon;
Tu dulce centinela te guarda el corazon.
Y en alas de los céfiros, que vagan por doquier,
Volando van mis suplicas, á ti, bella mujer,
Volando van mis suplicas, á ti, bella mujer.

De un corazon que te ama, recibe el tierno amor;
No aumentes mas la llama, piedad á un trobador.

Y si te mueve á lastima mi eterno padecer,
Como te amo, amame, bellisima mujer!
Como te amo, amame, bellisima mujer!

* * *

So still and calm the night is,
The very winds asleep;
Thy heart's so tender sentinel
His watch and ward doth keep.
And on the wings of zephyrs soft
That wander how they will,
To thee, oh woman fair, to thee
My prayers go fluttering still. } *Bis.*

Oh take the heart's love to thy heart
Of one that doth adore!
Have pity—add not to the flame
That burns thy troubadour!
And if compassion stir thy breast
For my eternal woe,
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest
Of women, love me so! } *Bis.*

THE PALMER-CAMPBELL COLLECTION

By DR. FRANK M. PALMER.*

THE primitive workmen of Southern California made artifects unsurpassed by the productions of any of the native races ever inhabiting other sections of the United States; and in many important features their preeminence is conclusively demonstrated. This superiority is specially noticeable in their manipulation of the mineral variously known as Soapstone, Steatite and Serpentine. The softer and more easily wrought micaceous variety was chiefly used in the making of cooking-pots and baking-stones. It is conceded by careful observers that objects of this character taken from the ancient village-sites and cemeteries of the Southern California Indians, in excellence of workmanship, size and symmetry of form, are unequaled.

The beautiful specimen illustrated in plate 1, is unquestionably the finest wrought, most symmetrically formed and elaborately ornamented cooking-pot ever taken from a prehistoric burial place in Southern California. The material is a fine-grained dark-grey serpentine; its outline an inverted pyramid, having a flat top, which is slightly rounded as it approaches the sides, where it attains its greatest diameter, which at an acute angle rapidly diminishes to a flat bottom with diameter less than one-fifth that of the top. The character of its ornamentation is perfectly shown in the illustration. This olla is in a class by itself.

Plate 2 represents another of these cooking-pots. The chief interest of this specimen is that it illustrates the manner in which a cracked or broken pot was repaired. As seen in the plate, holes were drilled on either side of the crack, and the holes connected by countersunk grooves. A strong cord of vegetable fiber was passed through the holes and drawn tight, thus lessening the chances of a further extension of the crack. Asphaltum was then melted and run into the crack and holes, perfectly filling and sealing them. By this process the pot was again made useful for many purposes, though, of course, it could not be used for a cooking utensil.

The statement as to the excellence of the workmanship of these cooking vessels applies with equal emphasis to the mortars and pestles used in grinding pine-nuts, acorns and various seeds into meal. Of this product bread was made, and a further important use was in thickening soups and stews. In fact this meal constituted one of the principal articles of diet among the people

*Condensed from the Second Bulletin, now out of print.

[Plate 1.] THE MOST PERFECT KNOWN STEATITE OLLA
(About ¼ actual size.)

whose artifects we are considering. Many of the mortars are more than twenty inches in diameter by sixteen in height. The pestles for use with the mortars frequently exceed two feet in length. Both mortars and pestles are often of such symmetrical proportions and fine finish as sometimes to cause (though unjustly) their authenticity to be questioned.

The objects shown on plates 3, 4 and 5, being all made of the same material (and practically the same tools used in their making), I shall place in one class, discussing them from that standpoint. We have here cups and bowls, used as drinking vessels and in serving food, paint pots to hold pigments, pipes for smoking, beads, pendants and charms for ornaments, and many curiously wrought objects that are (because of a lack of better knowledge) usually classified as "ceremonial stones." All are made of dense, fine-grained serpentine.

This material lends itself readily to manipulation, is susceptible of a high polish, and presents many beautiful variations in color. Plain black, black streaked and striped with yellow and brown, every imaginable shade of green and grey, often plain, but more frequently mottled or blotched with black. It is in this beautiful material that the art sense of the Southern California Indian found its highest expression.

[Plate 2.] A MENDED OLLA
(About 1-5 actual size.)

Figure 1, Plate 3, represents a diminutive cup, which was probably used as a receptable for pigments with which it was the custom of these people to paint upon their faces, and other portions of the body, many odd designs. The paint pot shown in figure 2 is one of the finest I have ever seen; unique in form and exquisitely wrought. The perforation through the handle enabled its owner (by means of a cord) to secure this highly prized article to his person.

Figure 3 represents the bowl of a spoon, or ladle. Objects of this character made of stone are rarely found; a clam shell sufficing when a spoon was required.

Figure 4 represents a fife. These instruments are of rare occurrence in this locality, and the few that have been found were invariably made from bones of animals or birds. This is the only known specimen made of stone.

Figure 5 illustrates a beautiful bowl. It is a perfect specimen of the more highly finished articles in which food was served; is of typical form, and has upon the rim a somewhat unusual ornamentation. Four grooves are cut across this part of the bowl, in which small shell-beads are inlaid, being held in place by the ever useful asphaltum.

[Plate 3.] (About ¼ actual size.)

Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, Plate 4, represent a series of pipes of a form rarely found elsewhere, but which largely (almost exclusively) predominates in Southern California. The projecting rim on the bowl of No. 1 is a somewhat novel feature. Figure 2 is one of the most beautifully finished specimens I have ever seen; finely polished, and having by way of ornamentation a groove cut around the margin of the bowl. Figure 3 has still in place a mouthpiece, made of a bone from the wing of a bird; this mouthpiece is held in place by means of asphaltum. All tubular pipes from this locality had originally similar mouthpieces. Most of them, however, have been lost by decay; but the presence of the asphaltum which formerly held them in place warrants the statement that their use was practically universal.

[Plate 4.] PIPES. (About ¼ actual size.)

Figure 4 plainly shows the asphaltum. The mouthpiece is missing, but its impression remains.

Plate 5 shows a series of objects which constitute a magnificent, and in some respects a unique, display of prehistoric jewelry.

The distinctly dumbbell form of the bead Figure 1 is decidedly novel. A modification of this form is seen in Figure 2.

Figure 3 represents a hook-shaped object of unknown use. Previous to the remarkable find at Redondo Beach, California, in the Spring of 1903, these hooks were among the rarest of Southern California antiquities. About fifty specimens were secured at that time, and though I was present during most of the time while the research was being conducted, I failed to obtain any information indicating the purpose for which they were intended.

Figures 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 16 and 17, represent a series of beads

of maximum size. They are finely wrought and polished. I will here state that the peculiarly smooth polish and finish incident to most of the ornaments made of serpentine, is the result of being long worn in contact with the naked body. The most skilled artisan of today could not so successfully imitate them as to deceive any one familiar with the peculiarities of this material.

Figure 7 is the most interesting of the series. It has taken on the highest polish of which the material is susceptible. It is grooved at either end, perforated through its long axis, and again laterally at one end. I have never seen a duplicate.

Figures 11 and 12 show cone-shaped pendants, perforated to facilitate suspension. They are remarkable only for their form.

Figures 14 and 15 show pendants of other types. (Owing to an error in numbering plate No. 5, the objects as seen are in reversed position. The perforations in the pendants would, of course be at the top.)

Figures 13 and 18 represent two beautiful charm stones. The unique form of No. 18 is of special interest. It probably could not be duplicated.

Plate 6 illustrates, in the top row, a series of spear heads. In the bottom row knives are shown. They are all of characteristic form and material incident to this locality; obsidian (volcanic glass), chert and chalcedony.

Plate 7 shows in the top row of the upper illustration a series of drills used in perforating softer stones in process of manufacture. The other figures in this illustration are crescent-shaped knives and scrapers. These also were used in the arts.

The lower illustrations on this plate represent practically all the forms given to their arrowheads by the Southern California Indians — leaf-shaped, concave base, stemmed, tanged and barbed; material similar to that used for the spears and knives being employed.

Summarizing the chipped-stone implements of Southern California, I will state that they are unsurpassed in excellence of workmanship by any similar objects found elsewhere, and are only equalled by the very best specimens from the Oregon and Danish shell mounds.

The artistic sense of these people finds further expression in the many beautiful ornaments made from exquisitely tinted shells found along our sea coast; two varieties of Haliotis, H. rufescens and H. splendens (abalone), being chiefly employed for this purpose. The result of their labors in this line shows a wonderful variety of delicately fashioned objects of barbaric splendor, comprising ornaments for the hair, and dress—pend-

[Plate 5.] (About ¼ actual size.)

ants, charms, rings, beads and many oddly formed objects impossible to classify.

Plate 8 illustrates a series of bone implements possessing some unusual features. Figure 1 represents a sword. Weapons of this character are rarely found in the territory covered by this collection. The one here shown is of special interest, because of its peculiarly carved handle. Anyone who has ever seen a California "Horned Toad" will at once recognize the motif of the carver of this handle. Figures 2 and 10 show the characteristic forms of knives made of this material. Figure 3 shows an implement made from the denser portion of a whale's rib. Implements of this form are not rare in this field. The one shown

[Plate 6.] SPEARS AND KNIVES. (About ¼ actual size.)

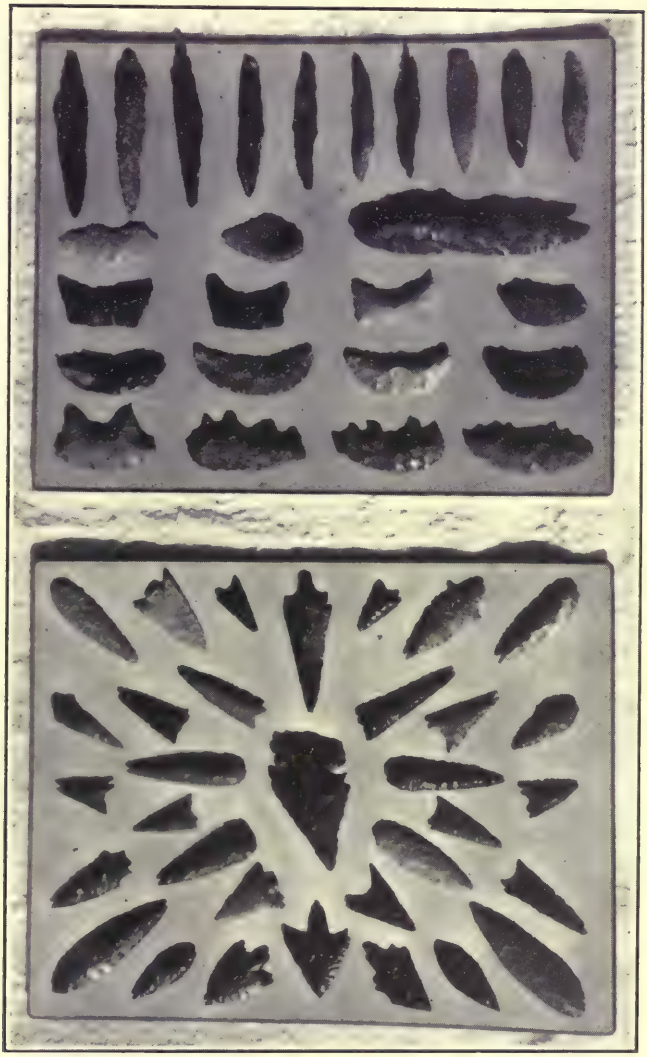
here, however, is the largest and best wrought I have ever seen. I am convinced that at least one of the uses made of them was in detaching abalones from the rocks. They must have used either bone or wood for this purpose, and as an Indian never fails to use that thing (within his knowledge) which best supplies his needs, I feel safe in assuming that the purpose suggested was one, if not the principal, use made of them. The abalone constituted an important feature in the domestic economy of these people, supplying at once food and the highly prized shells.

Figures 4 and 14 show hooked-shaped objects which approximate in form the stone hook shown in Plate 5.

Figures 5 to 9, inclusive, represent a series of objects which were almost certainly intended for ornaments. They could have been used as beads, and may have been worn in the ears.

Figures 11, 12 and 13 are needles; 15 and 16 are perforators used in connection with the needles—the perforators making the holes through the skins of which garments were made, and followed by the needles carrying the thread. Skins which are sewed in this manner while slightly wet, will shrink down tightly to the sinew thread.

Figure 17 represents the only bone throwing-club (sometimes, though erroneously, catalogued "boomerang") which has ever



[Plate 7.] ARROWHEADS, ETC. (About ¼ actual size.)

been found in this locality. The throwing-clubs were ordinarily made of wood, though I have seen one of stone. It is my opinion, however, that this specimen was only for ceremonial use.

Figure 18 shows an implement made from the jawbone of a porpoise. It was probably used as a combination fork and spoon. The natural concavity at the larger end (not seen in the illustration) would well serve this purpose, while the sharp-pointed end could easily be made to transfix a portion of more solid food.

Figure 19 I also consider a fork. It is made from a hollow bone cut from the wing of a pelican. These implements have been catalogued as intended for use in the extraction of the marrow from roasted or boiled bones of the larger animals.

[Plate 8.] BONE IMPLEMENTS. (About 1-5 actual size.)

This opinion was held and expressed to me by my friend, the late Professor Paul Schumacher of this city, and it can truthfully be said of him that in matters of this kind no man who ever lived was better qualified to find the truth of things.

Figures 20 and 21 show harpoon points; 20 is of typical form; 21 is rather more interesting because of the multiplicity of barbs. I know of but one other specimen.

Figures 23, 24 and 25 show a typical series of whistles; 23 and 24 are made of bones from birds' wings; 25 from a bone from the leg of a deer. In all these whistles a ridge of asphaltum has been placed in the hollow of the bone (transversely) in the lateral opening. The lower end is also usually closed with the same material.

Figures 26 and 27 show daggers, also made from leg-bones of deer (the tibia). In addition to their use as weapons, these daggers performed another office—that of a hair-pin. It was the custom of these people to wear the hair long, twisted into a roll,

and tightly coiled on the top of the head. One of these daggers was thrust through the coil, holding the hair securely. A long cord which had been attached to the dagger-handle, was made fast to the wearer's person. In this manner the implement is made to serve a double purpose. Performing the office of a hair-pin, it at the same time becomes a ready weapon in case of need.

The only observable difference between this primitive duality of use, and that which is sometimes heard of in this day and generation is that a hat-pin has been substituted for the hair-pin.

These implements, made from the bones of various animals and fishes, are so skilfully wrought, that considered in connection with the proficiency displayed in the manipulation of stone and shell, we have unmistakable evidence of a versatility in these first Southern Californians, which fully justifies Cabrillo's eulogium of them: "They are an advanced people." That they were Past-Masters in the adaptation of means to an end, the beautifully wrought specimens of this collection conclusively demonstrate.

I am often asked, what has become of these people? And my unvarying answer is: The avaricious greed of the white man has robbed them of their heritage; has taken from them the lands which the Creator gave to them in the beginning. The introduction of whisky, the small-pox and other diseases of which they had no previous knowledge, and their out-thrusting to the waste places, have nearly annihilated them, and left their few remaining descendants debauched in health, manners and morals.

It has been said of them: "They had everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by contact with a superior civilization." The result proves the truth of the observation.

ROSTER, APRIL, 1907.

President, J. O. Koepfli.

Vice-Presidents.

Gen. H. G. Otis, H. W. O'Melveny, Geo. F. Bovard, D. D.; Dr. Norman Bridge.

Treasurer, W. C. Patterson.

Recorder and Curator, Dr. F. M. Palmer.

Secretary, Chas. F. Lummis, Lit. D.

Executive Committee.

Maj. E. W. Jones, Dr. F. M. Palmer, J. A. Foshay, Mary E. Foy, Mrs. Wm. H. Housh, Chas. F. Lummis, Dr. J. H. Martindale, Joseph Scott, Wm. H. Burnham, C. J. K. Jones, John D. Bicknell.

Honorary Life Members.†

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.

Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton (founder of the Institute), Cambridge. Mass.

Life Members.‡

Jeremiah Ahern, U. S. Geological Survey, Cody, Wyo.

C. C. Bragdon, A. M., LL.D., Prest Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

Mrs. C. A. Burcham, 700 Burlington Ave.

Rev. Juan Caballeria, Plaza Church.

Chas. Deering, Chairman Board Directors International Harvester Co., 2645 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.

Edwin T. Earl, "The Express."

Gerhard Eshman, Treas. Kerckhoff-Cuzner M. & L. Co.

Mrs. Eva S. Fényes, 292 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Cal.

Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart, Burlington Ave.

J. Downey Harvey, 37, 4th Floor, Columbian Bldg., San Francisco.

Miss Mira Hershey, 350 S. Grand Ave.

A. G. Hubbard, Redlands, Cal.

Mrs. Ella P. Hubbard, Azusa, Cal.

Major E. W. Jones, ex-Prest. Loyal Legion, San Gabriel, Cal.

Wm. Keith, 1717 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Knights of Columbus, Los Angeles Council No. 621.

Homer Laughlin, Laughlin Bldg.

Hon. Reamer Ling, St. Johns, Ariz.

Chas. F. Lummis, Librarian Los Angeles Public Library.

John Miner Carey Marble, Ex-Prest. The National Bank of Cal.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Cor. Broadway and Buchanan Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

*John A. McCall, Prest. New York Life Insurance Co.

E. P. Ripley, Prest. A. T. & S. F. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.

State Normal School.

*J. S. Slauson, President Emeritus.

---

†By their consent and by subscription of this society.

‡Where no other city is named, Los Angeles is understood.

*Deceased.

Jas. Slauson, Bradbury Bldg.
A. Amelia Smead, 1245 Elden Ave.
O. S. A. Sprague, 184 S. Orange Grove, Pasadena, Cal.
St. Vincent's College.
F. W. Volz, Cañon Diablo, Ariz.
Wm. P. Wesselhoeft, M. D., 176 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.
*Dwight Whiting, California Club.

Annual Members.

M. T. Allen, Pasadena Ave. and Avenue 50.
American Institute of Architects, Southern California Chapter, 705 Grant Bldg.
Wm. H. Anderson, 331 Stimson Bldg.
Edward E. Ayer, Railway-Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
W. D. Babcock, M. D., 736 S. Alvarado St.
C. W. Bachman, M. D., O. T. Johnson Bldg.
Walter R. Bacon, Prest. Historical Society of Southern California, Bradbury Bldg.
Mrs. Wm. C. Baker, La Solano, Pasadena, Cal.
Arturo Bandini, Pasadena, Cal.
Hon. Thomas R. Bard, Hueneme, Cal.
W. Jarvis Barlow, M. D., 2329 S. Figueroa St.
Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, 2329 S. Figueroa St.
Will C. Barnes, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
W. S. Bartlett, Prest. German-American Savings Bank, 223 S. Spring St.
Anna McConnell Beckley, Los Angeles Public Library.
Robt. J. Belford, 309 Homer Laughlin Bldg.
Arthur S. Bent, 235 S. Los Angeles St.
Arthur B. Benton, 114 N. Spring St.
D. E. Bernard, 845 Lake St.
Emil Bibo, Cubero, N. M.
Geo. J. Birkel, 345 S. Spring St.
G. E. Bittinger, Vice-Prest. First National Bank.
Benjamin Blossom, 844 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Rev. Francis S. Borton, D. D., Apartado 56, Puebla, Mexico.
Rev. Geo. F. Bovard, D. D., Prest. University of Southern California.
E. C. Bower, M. D., 836 H. W. Hellman Bldg.
Norman Bridge, M. D., Potomac Bldg.
Dr. Alice B. Brill, 498 California St.
C. T. Brown, Socorro, N. M.
Chas. C. Browning, M. D., 602 O. T. Johnson Bldg.
Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant, 1503 Magnolia Ave.
C. W. Buchanan, Architect, 99 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Cal.
E. C. Buell, M. D., 607 Johnson Bldg.
Robert N. Bulla, Ex-Code Commissioner, 507 H. W. Hellman Bldg.
Robt. J. Burdette, 891 S. Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena, Cal.
Mrs. Robt. J. Burdette, 891 S. Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Frank W. Burnett, Beacon St., near Cor. 8th St.
W. H. Burnham, Orange, Cal.
Mrs. R. G. Bussenius, Avenue 41.
J. G. Butler, Jr., Second National Bank Bldg., Youngstown, O.
Callaghan Byrne, Byrne Bldg.
John J. Byrne, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Coast Lines, 2624 S. Figueroa, St.
C. W. Callaghan, Fruitvale, Cal.
H. R. Callender, 2313 S. Hope St.
W. D. Campbell, 810 S. Alvarado St.
C. J. R. Carson, 544 S. Main St.
Mrs. Mary Caswell, Principal Marlborough School, 865 W. 23rd St.
Harry Chandler, Vice-Prest. Times Mirror Co.
Mrs. John S. Chapman, 203 N. Soto St.
Harry B. Chase, Riverside, Cal.
Dr. Benjamin F. Church, 442 Grant Bldg.
E. P. Clark, Prest. Los Angeles Pacific Ry., 823 W. 23rd St.
Mrs. Agnes Morley Cleaveland, Datil, N. M.
W. B. Cline, Prest. L. A. Gas & Electric Co., 645 S. Hill St.
Kaspare Cohn, Prest. B'nai B'rith Congregation, 2601 S. Grand Avenue.
Nathan Cole, Jr., 4012 Pasadena Ave.
Prof. Theo. B. Comstock, 534 Stimson Bldg.
Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, 114 E. 2nd St.
Mrs. J. Torrey Connor, 1224 12th St., Oakland Cal.
Señora Mariana W. de Coronel, Ejutla, Oaxaca, Mex.
F. M. Coulter, 1015 S. Figueroa St.
Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, 1101 W. Adams St.
Jno. S. Cravens, Prest. Southwestern Bank.
Chas. D. Daggett, Pasadena, Cal.
Chas Cassatt Davis, Wilcox Bldg.
Edward H. Davis, Mesa Grande, Cal.
Jno. F. Davis, Code Commissioner, 1430 Masonic Ave., San Francisco.
Geo. Deacon, M. D., 145 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Cal.
Courtenay DeKalb, 121 E. Avenue 49th.
C. C. Desmond, 3rd and Spring Sts.
H. C. Dillon, M. A., Ex-Dist. Attorney, Currier Bldg.
Isidore B. Dockweiler, Prest. Board Library Directors, 957 W. Adams St.
A. Dolge, Dolgeville, Cal.
Chas. Donlon, Oxnard, Cal.
James Douglas, LL.D., 99 John St., New York, N. Y.
Louis G. Dreyfus, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Mrs. W. E. Dunn, 1127 W. 27th St.
Eber T. Dunning, 1528 W. Adams St.
T. L. Duque, Consul of Nicaragua and Honduras, 1135 S. Olive Street.
Geo. W. Durbrow, California Club.
Ebell Society, 1500 S. Figueroa St.
D. K. Edwards, Board of Public Works, 235 S. Olive St.

R. Egan, Capistrano, Cal.
Zoeth S. Eldridge, 2621 Devisadero St. San Francisco, Cal.
H. Bert Ellis, M. D., 243-6 Bradbury Bldg.
Thos. E. Ellis, M. D., Elsinore, Cal.
Arthur Farwell, Newton Center, Mass.
Margaret Minot Fette, 702 W. 1st St.
Col. S. H. Finley, A. M., County Surveyor, Santa Ana, Cal.
J. E. Fishburn, National Bank of California, 2827 Menlo Avenue.
Arthur H. Fleming, 203 Dodworth Bldg., Pasadena, Cal.
Hon. Frank P. Flint, U. S. Senator, 2645 Pasadena Avenue.
Henry O. Flipper, Ocampo, Chihuahua, Mex.
Tod Ford, Pasadena, Cal.
A. J. Forget, M. D., 1003 S. Olive St.
Prof. Jas. A. Foshay, Supreme Prest. The Fraternal Brotherhood.
Mrs. E. K. Foster, Prest. Friday Morning Club, Ave. 41.
Mrs. Eldredge M. Fowler, 363 Grove St., Pasadena, Cal.
Miss Mary E. Foy, Garvanza Station.
Prof. J. H. Francis, Princ. Polytechnic High School.
Franciscan Fathers, St. Michaels, Apache Co. Arizona.
D. Freeman, Inglewood, Cal.
A. P. Fusenot, Ville de Paris.
T. R. Gabel, Gen. Mgr. L. A. Pac. Ry. Co.
Jno. T. Gaffey, San Pedro, Cal.
C. Ganahl, 830 E. 1st St.
Miss Manuela Garcia, 1115 S. Olive St.
Eugene Germain, Prest. Germain Fruit Co., 953 S. Hope St.
Capt. R. B. Gibb, 4922 S. Main St.
Thos E. Gibbon, 1041 Beacon St.
Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, 424 Park View.
James A. Gibson, 718 Pacific Electric Bldg.
Chas. F. Gilmore 135 E. Avenue 36.
Ben Goodrich, Tombstone, Arizona.
Ami V. Golsh, Pala, Cal.
W. D. Gould, 82 Temple Bldg.
Edward S. Graham, 269 W. Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.
U. S. Grant, Jr., San Diego, Cal.
Chas. Sumner Greene, Associate Amer. Inst. of Architects, 215 Boston Bldg., Pasadena.
Henry M. Greene, Boston Bldg., Pasadena.
Prof. Geo. E. Hale, Solar Observatory Office, Pasadena, Cal.
Harwood Hall, Supt. Sherman Institute, Riverside, Cal.
M. A. Hamburger, 1147 S. Flower St.
J. E. Hannon, 412 Bullard Bldg.
Very Rev. Monsignor Harnett, V. G. P. A., 114 E. 2nd St.
Hon. Arthur C. Harper, Mayor of L. A., 1128 W. 28th St.
James Haskett, 126-28 S. Los Angeles St.
Jno. R. Haynes, M. D., Prest. Civil Service Commission, 945 S. Figueroa St.
M. C. Healion, Prest. San Diego Flume Co., San Diego, Cal.
Ross T. Hickcox, 1028 Park View Avenue.
Frederick Webb Hodge, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Asst. Treas. A. T. & S. F. R. R., 502 Conservative Life Bldg.
Walter J. Horgan, 423 Bullard Bldg.
Mrs. W. H. Housh, Prest. Fine Arts League, 5548 Pasadena Ave.
Prof. Wm. H. Housh, Princ. L. A. High School.
A. A. Hubbard, 903 S. Burlington Avenue.
J. L. Hubbell, Ganado, Apache Co., Arizona.
Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, 1315 Pleasant Avenue.
Dr. West Hughes, 500 W. 23rd St.
Sumner P. Hunt, Laughlin Bldg.
Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, 2645 Severance St.
H. E. Huntington, Prest. L. A. Inter-Urban R. R., Pacific Electric Bldg.
E. L. Hutchison, 226 Douglas Bldg.
Frederick E. Hyde, Jr., Putnam, N. M.
Stoddard Jess, V. P. 1st Nat. Bank.
J. H. Johnson, M. D., 814 W. 7th St.
Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, Bishop of Los Angeles, 523 S. Olive St.
W. Murray Johnston, M. D., 1016 W. Pico St.
Dr. C. J. K. Jones, Public Library.
Mrs. Jno. P. Jones, Santa Monica, Cal.
Johnstone Jones, Esq., 530 Court St.
Mrs. Roy Jones, Santa Monica, Cal.
Mrs. G. W. Jordan, Prest. Cosmos Club, 3012 Vermont Avenue.
Miss Adalaida Kamp, Ventura, Cal.
Jas. C. Kays, Prest. Dollar Savings Bank.
Col. John Goshorn Kelley, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Jno. W. Kemp, 710 H. W. Hellman Bldg.
J. W. Kendrick, Vice-Prest. A. T. & S. F. R. R., Chicago, Ill.
John Kenealy, Office City Treasurer.
Wm. Kent, 12 Sherman Rd. Chicago, Ill.
Herman H. Kerckhoff, Prest. Hipolito Screen & Sash Co., 634 Maple Avenue.
Mrs. Frank W. King, 903 Westlake Avenue.
H. Kinner, M. D., 1103 Rutger St., St. Louis, Mo.
Abbot Kinney, Stimson Bldg.
E. F. C. Klokke, 2105 S. Figueroa St.
Hon. J. R. Knowland, 969 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.
J. O. Koepfli, Ex-Prest. L. A. Chamber of Commerce.
Wm. Lacy, 1101 W. 9th St.
L. A. High School.
Gardiner M. Lane, Prest. Boston Museum of Fine Arts, 44 State St., Boston, Mass.
Jas. B. Lankershim, Lankershim Bldg.
L. A. Public Library.
Hon. Oscar Lawler, U. S. District Atty., 503 W. 22nd St.
Major Henry T. Lee, 414 W. Adams St.
Dr. Nicholas Leon, 1 del Fresno, No. 1510 City of Mexico, Mex.
Prof. Geo. L. Leslie, High School.
D. M. Linnard, Prest. Board of Trade, Pasadena, Cal.
Miss G. W. Littlejohn, Asst. Librarian, Berkeley, Cal.
J. Loew, Prest. The Capitol Milling Co.

Paul de Longpré, Hollywood, Cal.
Henry W. Louis, Brownstein, Newmark & Louis, 236-40 S. Los Angeles St.
T. P. Lukens, Pasadena, Cal.
Bertha Lummis, 200 E. Ave. 43.
Fernand Lungren, Santa Barbara, Cal.
J.Wiseman MacDonald, 1115 S. Olive St.
Leo J. Maguire, 3105 S. Figueroa St.
E. J. Marshall, Prest. Chino L. & W. Co., Trust Bldg.
Siegfried G. Marshutz, Board Library Directors, 133 S. Spring St.
Geo. W. Marston, San Diego, Cal.
Geo. H. Martin, M. D., 1380 Sutter St., San Francisco.
Jno. H. Martindale, M. D., The Auditorium.
Chas. Matthews, 129 S. Main St.
Fitch C. E. Mattison, M. D., Stowell Bldg., Pasadena, Cal.
Geo. H. Maxwell, 811 Whitehall Bldg., 17 Battery Place, New York.
Archibald Mayo, Chillicothe, Ohio.
J. H. McBride, M. D., Pasadena, Cal.
Hugh McDowell, Sunday Editor Times.
Albert McFarland, Treas. Times-Mirror Co.
Rev. Robt. McIntyre, First M. E. Church.
H. S. McKee, Vice-Prest. L. A. Trust Co.
Hon. James McLachlan, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
Cyrus F. McNutt, 412 Bullard Bldg.
J. R. Mead, Prest. Kansas State Historical Soc., Wichita, Kan.
Frank A. Miller, The New Glenwood, Riverside, Cal.
John B. Miller, Prest. Edison Electric Co.
Benjamin Fay Mills, Minister of L. A. Fellowship.
Prest. J. F. Millspaugh, Principal State Normal School.
Mrs. Mary L. Milmore, 1713 Corcoran St., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Tulita Wilcox Miner, Cor Adams and Hoover Sts.
Madame Helena Modjeska, care Richard J. Dillon, Douglas Bldg.
James A. Montgomery, 253-55 S. Spring St.
Chas. A. Moody, Associate Editor "Out West".
Octavius Morgan, 819 Westlake Ave.
Hon. Paul Morton, Prest. Equitable Life Assurance Society, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
W. Ona Morton, 609 Germain Bldg.
Jno. G. Mott, 810 S. Union Ave.
Seeley M. Mudd, 1103 Union Trust Bldg.
Oscar C. Mueller, 1608 W. 7th St.
John Muir, Martinez, Cal.
S. P. Mulford, 701 Trust Bldg.
J. A. Munk, M. D., 337 Douglas Bldg.
Mrs. W. W. Murphy, Prest. Cal. Congress of Mothers, 1342 S. Union Ave.
A. H. Naftzger, 626 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. Clay Needham, 1343 Temple St.
W. W. Neuer, 843 Bonnie Brae St.
J. R Newberry, 216-18 S. Spring St.
H. Newmark, 837 Westlake Ave.

M. H. Newmark, 905 Beacon St.
The Newman Club.
Williard A. Nichols, Board Library Directors, Redlands, Cal.
J. C. Nolan, 215 Manhattan Bldg, St. Paul, Minn.
Jno. G. North, Riverside, Cal.
Jno. H. Norton, Norton Bldg.
Occidental College.
J. W. A. Off, Cashr. State Bank & Trust Co.
Frank H. Olmsted, C. E., 614 Grant Bldg.
Henry W. O'Melveny, Board Library Directors, 430 Wilcox Bldg.
Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, Editor "The Times."
Dr. F. M. Palmer, Redondo, Cal.
Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, Prest. Rio Grande Western Ry., Colorado Springs, Colo.
C. C. Parker, 1141 W. 28th St.
Chas. L. Partridge, Board Library Directors, Redlands, Cal.
W. C. Patterson, Vice-Prest. First National Bank.
Geo. S. Patton, San Gabriel, Cal.
Hon. Geo. C. Perkins, U. S. Senator, San Francisco, Cal.
W. C. Petchner, Wilcox Bldg.
Hon. James D. Phelan, 301 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.
Don Romulo Pico, 225 W. 16th St.
Judge H. A. Pierce, 1834 Francisco St.
Wm. H. Pierce, 810 S. Flower St.
A. E. Pomeroy, A. M., 701 Grant Bldg.
Pomona College, Claremont, Cal.
Pomona Woman's Club, Pomona, Cal.
F. M. Pottenger, M. D., 602 O. T. Johnson Bldg.
I. H. Preston, Laughlin Bldg.
Wm. Pridham, Asst. Supt. Wells Fargo Co., retired.
T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, N. Y.
Public Library, Pasadena, Cal.
G. M. Purcell, Wilcox Bldg.
Chas. Putnam, Crescent Ave., Redlands, Cal.
Jno. M. Radebaugh, M. D., 33 N. Euclid Ave., Pasadena, Cal.
Mrs. Juliet Powell Rice, Corona, Cal.
Paran F. Rice, 333 Stimson Bldg.
Hon. Jarrett Richards, Santa Barbara, Cal.
M. C. Richter, 2108 Scott St., Santa Barbara, Cal.
D. M. Riordan, 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. D. M. Riordan, 942 S. Burlington Ave.
M. J. Riordan, Flagstaff, Arizona.
T. A. Riordan, Flagstaff, Arizona.
A. F. Rosenheim, Prest. S. C. Chapter, American Institute of Architects.
Robt. A. Rowan, H. W. Hellman Bldg.
C. E. Rumsey, Riverside, Cal.
Ruskin Art Club, Blanchard Hall.
Mrs. Marah Ellis Ryan, Fayette Springs, Pa.
Frank Salmons, County Clerk, San Diego, Cal.
Miss S. Frances Sanborn, 96 N. El Molino Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Rev. Maxwell Savage, Redlands, Cal.
Schoolmasters' Club of Southern California.
Jas. D. Schuyler, 1212 Braly Bldg.
Joseph Scott, 301 Bradbury Bldg.
Dr. Gustave A. Scroggs, 326 S. Hill St.
C. Seligman, 141 N. Los Angeles St.
Col. Alfred H. Sellers, Hotel Metropole, Chicago, Ill.
E. E. Selph, 114 Potomac Bldg.
Augusta Senter, 494 Kensington Place, Pasadena, Cal.
Hon. Ygnacio Sepulveda, Mortgage Bank Bldg., City of Mexico, Mex.
Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, 806 W. Adams St.
Mark Sibley Severance, Valencia Farm, Arrowhead, Cal.
Shapespeare Club, Pasadena, Cal.
Gen. M. H. Sherman, Vice-Prest. L. A. Pacific R. R.
F. W. Sisson, Flagstaff, Arizona.
A. K. Smiley, Cañon Crest Park, Redlands, Cal.
Mrs. Alice Scott Smith, 2600 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.
C. W. Smith, Pasadena, Cal.
Wayland H. Smith, 949 W. 7th St.
Jno. R. Smurr, Prest. Cass & Smurr Stove Co.
Alfred Solano, 2306 S. Figueroa St.
Mrs. Alfred Solano, 2306 S. Figueroa St.
P. S. Sparkman, Valley Center, San Diego Co., Cal.
S. M. Spaulding, M. D., Medical Director Conservative Life Insurance Co.
Merritt Starr, Esq., 916 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Geo. Steckel, 336½ S. Broadway.
Mrs. D. G. Stephens, Santa Monica, Cal.
Wm. D. Stephens, Prest. L. A. Chamber of Commerce.
Mrs. W. W. Stilson, 812 Kensington Road.
St. Matthew's School Reading Club, San Mateo, Cal.
Marshall Stimson, 1060 Kensington Road.
N. W. Stowell, 144 S. Grand Ave.
Hon. Frank Sullivan, Ex-Park Commissioner, 128 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.
F. T. Sutherland, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York, N. Y.
Chas. I. Sweet, 364 Pacific Electric Bldg.
Mrs. Mary Wood Swift, Prest. National Council of Women of U. S. A., 824 Valencia St., San Francisco.
Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, Dean of Hastings College of Law, San Francisco, Cal.
William Larned Thacher, B. A., Associate Headmaster The Thacher School, Ojai Valley, Cal.
Charlotte E. Thomas, Hotel Guirnalda, Pasadena, Cal.
H. Ivor Thomas, 364 Pacific Electric Bldg.
Mrs. Adelaide Tichenor, Long Beach, Cal.
J. S. Torrance, Treas. Union Oil Co. of So. Cal.
Walter J. Trask, 1321 S. Figueroa St.
Prof. Robt. H. Tripp, Long Beach, Cal.
J. W. Trueworthy, M. D., 418 Byrne Bldg.
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.
University of Southern California.

Rosendo Uruchurtu, 1232 E. 9th St.
Remy J. Vesque, Terre Haute, Ind.
J. V. Vickers, 624 W. 28th St.
Miss Luisa Villa, 1018 E. 9th St.
Miss Rosa Villa, 1018 E. 9th St.
Mrs. Kate Vosburg, 2345 S. Figueroa St.
L. G. Visscher, M. D., 524 Laughlin Bldg.
Hiram W. Wadsworth, A. B., 146 N. Madison Ave., Pasadena, Cal.
Mrs. Jno. A. Walker, Ventura, Cal.
W. J. Washburn, Prest. Equitable Savings Bank.
Mrs. W. J. Washburn, 4000 Pasadena Ave.
Richard Wetherill, Putnam, N. M.
Henry G. Weyse, 81 Temple Block.
Mrs. S. A. P. Wheeler, Chamber of Commerce.
M. L. Wicks, 1101 Douglas St.
J. P. Widney, M. D., 150 W. Adams St.
Chas. Wier, 505 Stimson Bldg.
Mrs. Frank Wiggins, 24 Thornton Ave., Ocean Park, Cal.
Alfred H. Wilcox, 1100 W. Adams St.
Adolph Wilhartitz, 332 S. Broadway.
C. J. Willett, M. A., Ex-Regent of University of Michigan, Slavin Bldg., Pasadena, Cal.
Mrs. Charlotte L. Wills, 501 Buena Vista St.
Miss M. F. Wills, 501 Buena Vista St.
Percy R. Wilson, 1006 Westlake Ave.
Miss Ruth Wolfskill, Redondo, Cal.
W. H. Workman, Ex-City Treasurer.
Jno. D. Works, 820 H. W. Hellman Bldg.
Dr. L. A. Wright, U. S. Indian Agent, San Jacinto, Cal.
Walter S. Wright, San Gabriel Valley Bank Bldg., Pasadena, Cal.
Dr. Lorenzo G. Yates, County Horticultural Commissioner, Santa Barbara, Cal.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

In 1879, Prest. Chas. W. Eliot of Harvard University, Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton, and other distinguished scholars and educators, founded the Archaeological Institute of America. Its name said "archaeology," but its purpose was universal culture. For nearly twenty-eight years this dean of American scientific bodies has been a leader in American scholarship and culture. It founded, and maintains, the world-famous Classical Schools in Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. It made the most vital contribution ever made to the world's knowledge of our own Southwest—for more than quarter of a century ago it founded and financed the explorations of Bandelier; and it published his reports, which are the corner-stone of all study of the Southwest.

In the summer of 1906, the Institute was incorporated by Act of Congress as a national instrument of culture. In coöperation with the Bureau of Ethnology it is already districting North America for scientific exploration. It will also found (either in the Southwest or in Mexico, according to the public spirit shown) an American School of Archaeology, in which it will be joined by several of the greatest museums of Europe. Its quarterly magazine, the American Journal of Archaeology, is the most important scientific publication in America; and it issues many special volumes.

A WONDERFUL GROWTH.

The following table, based on the last official statistics, shows the unparalleled growth of the Southwest Society. The comparison should stimulate the older societies to a generous rivalry, and hearten the Southwest to maintain its lead:

Membership of Affiliated Societies, A. I. A.

Societies	Founded	Annuals	Life	Total
Boston	1879	194	57	251
New York	1884	181	27	208
Baltimore	1884	44	13	57
Pennsylvania	1889	121	12	133
Chicago	1889	65	4	69
Detroit	1889	87	21	108
Wisconsin	1889	15	2	17
Cleveland	1895	48	1	49
Connecticut	1898	70	7	77
Washington, D. C.	1902	139	10	149
Iowa	1902	29	1	30
Pittsburg	1902	74	1	75
Southwest	1903	360	33	393
Colorado	1903	64	1	65
Cincinnati	1905-1906	49	4	53
St. Louis	1905-1906	132	7	139
Rochester	1905-1906	59	....	59
Utah	1905-1906	52	2	54
San Francisco	1905	50	....	50
Kansas City	1905	54	....	54
Northwest	1905-1906	49	2	51
Total		1936	205	2141

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Come and see our present museum exhibit, 371 Pacific Electric Building, Sixth and Main Sts. Open daily, except Sunday, from 2 to 4 p. m. Dr. F. M. Palmer, Curator, in charge. Admission free.

Visit the Southwest Museum Hill—see how you think the Museum will look there—see what you think of the view. Take either red or yellow Garvanza (or South Pasadena) car to Avenue 46. It is the hill with the cut front. Climb the trail at the southeast corner. Go up at least to where large "California holly" bushes stand each side of the trail.

When you have seen these things—then see what you can do to forward this great work by your membership, your subscriptions, your gathering of worthy objects of history and art for a cosmopolitan museum, for the culture of our own day and of our children's children forever.

F
786
A66
no.3

Archaeological Institute of America. Southwest Society, Los Angeles
Bulletin

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

516